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55. C. 15

A Pill to purge State-Melancholy:

OR, A

COLLECTION

OF

Excellent New Ballads.

A Ballad to their Merit may
Moſt juſtly then belong;
For why, they've given all away
To Lewis *for a Song.*
Vid. Collection, *p.* 127.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year M. DCC. XV.

BIBLIOTHECA·BODLEIANA·

THE
Publiſher's PREFACE.

A Book without a Preface or Introduction, may be ſaid to reſemble all theſe old-faſhion'd Similitudes: It looks like a Face without a Noſe, like a Dial without a Gnomon, a Church without a Porch, an Upper Floor without a Balcony, an Antient Lady without her Spruce Gentleman-Uſher, a Kitchen without a Cook, a Cellar without a Butler; and which is not old, it is like the late Lord Treaſurer's Gate without Read *the Porter to let you in.*

In plain Engliſh, *The World is made up of an odd Sett of Formal Fellows, with whom if you deſign to ſucceed, you muſt uſe abundance of Ceremony. A Man muſt be acquainted with the Perſons he is to meet, before you ſhou'd venture to bring him into their Company; and you muſt give him a Hint of their Humours, before he can enter into any ſort of Converſation with them. It is upon this account, that my Curious or Courteous Reader meets with this ſhort Preface; the Uſe of which is, to bring him acquainted with thoſe merry facetious Compa-*

nions, the Ballads, that follow after: with whom he is invited to ſpend ſome of his leiſure Hours.

This Introduction may therefore very naturally be com-par'd to a Biſhop's Verger, who goes before his Maſter to remove all that ſtand in the way, that the Prelate, who is behind, may paſs with the more Eaſe and Reſpect.

There is a ſort of Animal, who with long Attendance at the inſide of a Counter, where he has been Maſter of no one Science but Arithmetick, has by the ſcraping toge-ther abundance of Mony, loſt the Senſe of all other A-muſements; ſuch an one I don't expect ſhou'd befriend me upon this occaſion. Horace *has given his Character at full length in his* Ars Poetica:

Romani Pueri longis rationibus aſſem
Diſcunt in partes centum diducere: dicat
Filius Albini, ſi de quincunce remota eſt
Uncia, quid ſuperat? poteras dixiſſe, triens: eu,
Rem poteris ſervare tuam. Redit uncia; quid fit?
Semis. At hæc Animos ærugo & cura Peculî
Cum ſemel imbuerit, ſperamus Carmina fingi
Poſſe, &c. Verſ. 325.

From a Man like this, I hope for no manner of Aid or Encouragement. No! He will look with Indignation upon a Pocket Volume of Songs; and perhaps declare, that if he muſt have a Book to carry about with him, there is none ſo neceſſary as Caſtaigne's *Intereſt-Table.*

There is another ſort of Creature whom I am more afraid of, and that is the Grave Old Pedant, whoſe Beard has outgrown his Underſtanding, and whoſe Noſe has loſt

groan

groan'd under the Weight of a heavy Pair of Spectacles; one who by long poring in Volumes of Dulneſs and Reams of Nonſenſe, has acquir'd a Taſte for them and nothing elſe. Such a Man will with great warmth proteſt againſt giving away his Mony for a Song. " *When there are, ſays he, ſo* " *many noble Treatiſes full of ſound Erudition already pub-* " *liſh'd to the World, who can expect that a Man can* " *ſpare any of his Mony for a Piece, ſo trifling and ſuper-* " *ficial as a Collection of Ballads? For, continues he, if* " *my Mind lies towards Learning, and I wou'd divert* " *my ſelf among Books, who can imagine that I ſhou'd* " *throw away my Time upon Dittys, as long as there are* " *ſuch copious, correct, and uſeful Hiſtorys, as* Rabelais's " Garagantua, *Dr.* Brady's *Introduction to the* Engliſh *Hi-* " *ſtory, the Renown'd Hiſtory of the Seven Champions of* " Chriſtendom, *Mr.* Collier's *Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory, and* " *that worthy Gentleman Mr.* Bromley's *Hiſtory of his* " *Travels? As long as there are ſuch able Divines, as* " *the Author, or at leaſt Publiſher, of the* Peace at U- " *trecht; the Author of the* Tale of a Tub, *and the* " Project for the Advancement of Religion; *Mr.* Hobbes, " *Dr.* Welton, *and the never-to-be-forgotten Dr.* Sache- " verell; *and as long as there are ſuch wiſe and pene-* " *trating Politicians, as Dr.* Hickes, *Mr.* Leſley, *Mr.* Bed- " ford, John Dyer, *Mr.* Toby, *Mr.* Examiner, Abel Ro- " per, *Mr.* Monitor, Daniel de Foe, *and Mr.* Dennis: " *as long, ſays he, as there are ſuch Authors in Divinity,* " *Morality, and Politicks, as theſe; who can forſake the* " *Protection and Maintenance of them, to encourage a* " *trifling Ballad-ſinger?*"

After the Objections which I have here ſet down againſt my Undertaking, I hope my Reader will be ſo courteous, as to permit me to ſtop the mouths of my Antagoniſts, by a word or two, which I ſhall here ſay in honour of Ballads.

Homer, *the firſt and beſt of all the Poets, if we will give credit to the moſt antient Hiſtorians, was himſelf but an old blind Ballad-ſinger: His Iliads, which are very juſtly admir'd by all the Sons and Daughters of* Parnaſſus, *and claim an undoubted Precedence of all Poems, were no other than ſeveral Ballads, which the old Bard compos'd and ſung to the Quality of* Greece *for his Livelihood; much in the manner that Mr.* D'Urfey, *that quaint Lyrick, chaunts his* Excellent New Songs *to the Quality of* Great Britain: *but with this difference, that the latter ſeems to have more of the Comick Spirit than his Great Predeceſſor. And here I ſhou'd be highly to blame, cou'd I neglect ſo fair an opportunity of informing my Reader, that in this Collection of mine he will meet with ſome Ballads of this Gentleman's compoſing; which will afford him no ſmall Entertainment in the Reading, but infinitely more, if he can but procure the Author, with his uſual Air and Life, to ſing them to him. For this may be ſafely ſaid of all Mr.* D'Urfey's *Airs, That many People might write them, but no body cou'd humour them like himſelf.*

And ſo begging pardon for this Digreſſion, I come to a ſecond Inſtance of an Eminent Ballad-ſinger among the Antients: And that is the famous Virgil. *To paſs by his* Eclogues, *which are profeſs'd Songs for his Shepherds to ſing; and his* Georgicks, *which are plainly the Plough-man's Dittys; his* Æneids, *which he wrote in imitation*

of Homer's *Iliads, were certainly nothing elſe but half a ſcore Ballads for the uſe of the* Roman *Youth. Nay, to put this out of all doubt, he begins his Work with*

Arma Virumque cano, &c.

Which our Ingenious Countryman has very faithfully and elegantly tranſlated thus:

I ſing the Man, read it who liſt,
A *Trojan* true, as ever piſs'd, *&c.*

To proceed farther, Horace's *five Books of* Odes *are allow'd by all good Judges, the Learned Hyper-Critick* Dr. Bentley *only excepted, to be ſo many pretty Songs compos'd by him on the Times; and differ from our Collection in this, that they are moſt of them on the Panegyrick, and ours on the Satire. Had I a mind to enlarge in this Vindication of the Honour and Antiquity of Ballads, I might ask you, what* Martial's Epigrams *were but Catches, or* Theocritus's Idylliums, *ſo famous for their Softneſs, but Love-Sonnets? After this, who would be aſham'd of Publiſhing a Collection of Ballads?*

It is indeed, if I may ſo far aſſume the Stile of a Judge, a Species of Poetry, in which the Engliſh *ſeem at preſent to excel all other Nations: and why there ſhou'd not be a Collection of Ballads, as well as of State-Poems, Love-Letters, Elegys, &c. I cannot ſee.*

There remains but one thing more to be ſaid in behalf of this Collection, which is, that theſe ſort of Songs have often been of the greateſt uſe. An Inſtance of this we had at

the

the late Glorious Revolution, in Lilli-bo-lero; *which ſ perfectly ſtruck in with the Humour of the People; tha we feel ſome of the happy Conſequences of it to this ver day. And as that Ballad was highly inſtrumental i ſinging out a Bad Monarch, ſo many of theſe have been a ſucceſsful in ſinging out a Bad M——r.*

Shou'd any Reader be deſirous to know, why, of all time I ſhou'd have choſen to put out my Ballads now; I hav but this ſhort Anſwer to give him: I was afraid, unle I made haſte, that ſome Great Men wou'd die out of m way, and by that means my Satires wou'd loſe half thei Poinancy. For Wit in that reſpect, is like a Flea, whic never bites a Man but while he has Blood in his Body.

Having ſaid thus much to juſtify my ſelf in this Unde taking, I ſhall not concern my ſelf about any farther Ob jections or Cenſures, nor any longer detain my Read from that, which will afford infinitely more Diverſion an Delight, than any thing elſe that I am capable of ente taining him withal.

I muſt only add a Parting Word or two, to inform hi that he will find, I have generally plac'd my Ballads in th Order in which they came out. The whole Volume conſiſts ſuch printed ones only as were approv'd by the beſt Judge and of many more that were never made publick; and theſe not a few done by Celebrated Authors. And tha much may ſerve for an Introduction to that which wi not want a Recommendation.

INDE

INDEX of all the Ballads, in the Order wherein they ſtand in this Book.

A *Song in praiſe of our three Generals*:
Fill every Glaſs and recommend 'em. *page* 1

A new Health on the Victory at Oudenard:
Sing mighty *Marlborough*'s Story. —— —— 3

An Account of the Battel of Oudenard:
Ye Commons and Peers. —— —— 5

A Song of Mr. Eſtcourt:
You tell me, *Dick*, you lately read. —— —— 8

Lewis's *Letter to* Philip *of* Spain:
Deareſt *Philip*, my Grandſon of *Spain*. —— 10

A Song on the Victory at Mons:
Now Cannon-Smoke clouds all the Sky. —— 11

A Song on the taking of Liſle:
Grand *Lewis*, let Pride be abated. —— —— 13

On taking Doway *and* Aire:
Once more the General home returns. —— —— 15

A Song on the Campaign of 1709.
Now, now comes on the Glorious Year. —— 16

A Song to the Tune of Lillibullero:
In the Days of Queen *Anne*. —— —— 17

A Song to the Tune of Packington's Pound:
You Vicars and Curates, and Lecturers all. —— —— 19

A Ballad to the Strolling Doctor:
Good Folks, I pray, have you not heard. —— 21

The Tories Triumph on the Invaſion:
Now, now the Whigs ſhall all go down. —— 25

A Health to the preſent Conſtitution :
Fill up the mighty ſparkling Bowl. —— 27
A Song to the Tune of Fair Roſamond :
Whenas Q—— *A*— of great Renown. —— 29
A Song to the Tune of Dame of Honour :
All things are chang'd in Court and Town. —— 35
To the Tune of Cold and Raw :
England of late a Glorious State. —— 37
A Second Song to the Tune of Fair Roſamond :
I pray God bleſs our Gracious Q——. ibid.
To the Tune of the Windſor-Minuet :
Madam take care. —— —— 39
A Song call'd Credit Reſtor'd :
All *Britons* rejoice at this Turn of the State. —— 41
An End to our Sorrows :
Sing Praiſe to our Gracious Queen *Anne*. —— 45
To the Tune of Chevy-Chace :
God proſper long this Free-born Iſle. —— 48
The Age of Wonders, to the Tune of Chevy-Chace :
The Year of Wonders is arriv'd. —— 51
A Song to the Tune of Lilliburlero :
A Treaty's on foot, look about *Engliſh* Boys. —— 57
The French *Preliminaries :* Packington's Pound.
All you that have Stock, and are mad for a Peace. 59
Matt's *Peace, to the Tune of* Green-Sleeves :
The News from abroad does a Secret reveal. —— 61
The French *King's Lamentation for* Guiſcard :
When Lewis *the Great.* —— —— 64
To the Tune of Which no-body can deny :
Come all ye brave Boys and High Churchmen draw near. 66
Lamentation for Marlborough ; To you, fair Ladies :
To you, dear Brothers, who in vain. —— 70
Queen Robin, *to all Tunes :*
Whenas Queen *Robin* rul'd this Land. —— 76

A New Song in two Parts; New Tune:
Faction is ripe. ——— 79
A Tale of a Tarr:
A tight and trim Veſſel. ——— 81
Sheland *and* Robinocracy:
Sheland the Praiſe of all the Earth. ——— 84
Queen Elizabeth's *Day*; Bonny Dundee:
Let's ſing to the Memory of Glorious Queen *Beſs*. 88
The Thankſgiving; Simon the King:
Let's ſing to the Miniſtry's Praiſe. ——— 99
The South-Sea *Whim:*
To you, fair Traders, now aſhore. ——— 93
On the Jewel in the Tower:
If what the *Tower* of *London* holds. ——— 95
A Welcome to the Medal:
Let's joy in the Medal with *James* the Third's Face. 98
A Song on King William's *Birth-Day:*
Let's ſing the Brave Hero, whom Heaven did ordain. 102
To the Tune of All Joy to Great *Ceſar:*
Here's a Health to Queen *Anne*, Sir. ——— 107
To the Tune of Lillibullero:
Oh Brother *Tom*, doſt know the Intent. ——— 108
Plot upon Plot, to the Tune of Hey Boys up go we!
Oh wicked Whigs! what can you mean? ——— 110
Merchant Alamode; Which no-body can deny:
Attend and prepare for a Cargo from *Dover*. ——— 113
The Raree-Show:
Here be de var pretty Show juſt come from *Paris*. 116
The Pedlar; *Tune*, Abbot of *Canterbury:*
Ye Lads and ye Laſſes that live in *Great Britain*. 120
To the Tune of Which no-body can deny:
The Wit in a Ballad ſhou'd bite like a Tooth. ——— 122
To the Tune of Rare Doings at *Bath:*
Plump *Cocky* and *Abigail*, *Rome* to advance. 125

To

To the Tune of Chevy-Chace :
God bleſs our Gracious Sovereign *Anne.* —— 127
To an Opera Tune in Rinaldo :
All the World's in Strife and Hurry. —— 132
Illuſtrious George *ſhall come :*
Tho *Britain* on to Ruin runs, —— —— 133
Squire's Ditty :
To you, dear Topers at the Court. —— 136
A Song from Milan :
Who mounts the loftieſt Dignities. —— 138
To the Tune of The Nymph of Race Divine :
Great *Marlborough*'s quite forgot, Sir. —— 140
To the Tune of Over the Hills and far away :
Granadiers, now change your Song. —— 141
A Health to the late Miniſtry :
Now, now comes on the Tories Year. —— 143
King Edward's *Ghoſt*; Abbot of *Canterbury :*
I'll tell you a Story, a Story moſt merry. —— 144
An Account of burning Lord Gu——d's *Clothes :*
Ye Weavers all of *Spittlefields.* —— 147
To the Tune of Simon the King :
Let's ſing in the praiſe of *French* Wine. —— 151
The Doctor in a Chamber-pot :
At the bottom of the Chamber-pot. —— 153
A Health :
Here's a Health to the Queen. —— —— 154
To the Tune of A Begging we will go :
There was once a Glorious Q——. —— ibid.
Upon the ſtabbing the Earl of Oxford, *by* Guiſcard :
Attend good People, give an ear. —— —— 158
The Tryal and Condemnation of the D. of Marlborough :
I now have an Ambition. —— —— 161

A
OLLECTION
OF
SONGS.

ong in praiſe of our Three Fam'd Ge-erals. Tranſlated from the French *by Mr.* Durfey.

1.

I I L L every Glaſs, and recommend 'em,
We'll drink our three Generals Health at large:
For whereſoe'er theſe Heroes march,
Conqueſt renown'd is ſure t'attend 'em:
ery Glaſs, and recommend 'em,
drink our three Generals Health at large.

2.

Whatever ſhone ſo bright in Story,
As Fame that adorns Brave *Marlborough* :
Whatever ſhone, *&c.*
Shocking our Glaſſes that o'erflow,
Celebrate then his laſting Glory :
Whatever ſhone, *&c.*

3.

Drink next then to that grand Commander,
Eugene the Delight of all the Brave :
Drink next, *&c.*
Who Laurel Wreaths is ſure to have
Where'er he comes, like *Alexander* :
Drink next, *&c.*

4.

To *Auverquerque* exalt your Glaſſes,
And juſt to his Valour let us be :
To *Auverquerque*, &c.
Who tho not youngeſt of the three,
For brave Exploits there's few ſurpaſſes :
To *Auverquerque*, &c.

5.

But now around, Boys, Joy maintaining,
Fill, fill 'em like mine up to the brink :
But now around, *&c.*
Health to the Glorious *Queen* I drink,
Let her o'er all the Globe be reigning :
But now, *&c.*

6.

The Sham Pretender, Prince of *Wallia*,
The Prig they ſent o'er to be our King ;
The Sham, *&c.*

When the bold *Scots* own'd no ſuch thing,
Fled like a Devil home to *Gallia:*
The Sham, *&c.*

7.

Did we love Honour's kind Careſſes
Like Toping, we all Heroes ſhould be:
Did we love, *&c.*
For 'mongſt our Cups perpetually
We ſhould be ſure of grand Succeſſes,
Did we love, *&c.*

A New Health to the Duke of Marlborough, *with a Stanza in honour of the Prince of* Hannover *and Prince* Eugene; *on occaſion of the Victory at* Audenarde. *The words by Mr.* Durfey.

1.

SING Mighty *Marlborough*'s Story,
Mars of the Field,
He paſſes the *Scheld*;
And to encreaſe his Glory,
The *French* all fly or yield.
Vendoſm drew out, to ſpite him,
Th' Houſhold Troops to fright him;
Princes of the Blood
Got off as they cou'd,
But ne'er durſt turn to fight him.

2.

Marlborough's a brave Commander,
He conducts us
Into the Field,
As bold as *Alexander*,
He'll die before he'll yield.
Sound the Trumpet, ſound, Boys;
Let each Man ſtand his ground, Boys;
Ne'er let us flinch,
Nor give back an inch:
And ſo let his Health go round, Boys.

3.

This is the Year of Wonders,
The Gendarms gor'd
With Bullet and Sword,
Quake when the General thunders:
Almanza was the Word.
Sound the Trumpet, ſound, Boys;
This to his Health be crown'd, Boys;
Circle his Brows
With freſh Oaken Boughs,
And thus let the Glaſs go round, Boys.

4.

Now we'ave made a Motion,
Eugene the Brave
A Second ſhall have;
And could we tope an Ocean,
His Due we hardly give.
Still there's one more muſt be, Boys;
Hannover makes 'em up three, Boys:
Three in a Hand
I'll drink to my Friend,
And ſo let us all agree, Boys.

An Hiſtorical Account of the Battel of Audenarde.

1.

YE Commons and Peers,
Pray lend me your Ears,
I'll ſing you a Song if I can;
How *Lewis le Grand*
Was put to a ſtand
By the Arms of our Gracious Queen *Anne*.

2.

How his Army ſo great
Had a total Defeat,
And cloſe by the River *Dender*;
Where his Grandchildren twain,
For fear of being ſlain,
Gallop'd off with the Popiſh Pretender.

3.

To a Steeple on high,
The Battel to ſpy,
Up mounted theſe clever Young Men:
But when from the Spire
They ſaw ſo much Fire,
Moſt cleverly came down again.

4.

Then on horſeback they got,
All on the ſame ſpot,
By Advice of their Couſin *Vendoſm*;
O Lord! cry'd out he
Unto young Burgundy,
Would your Brother and you were at home.

5. Wh

5.

While this he did ſay,
Without more delay,
Away the young Gentry fled;
Whoſe Heels for that Work
Were much lighter than Cork,
Tho their Hearts were as heavy as Lead.

6.

Not ſo did behave
Young *Hannover* Brave,
In this bloody Field, I aſſure ye;
When his War-Horſe was ſhot,
He valu'd it not,
But fought it on foot like a Fury.

7.

Full firmly he ſtood,
As became his high Blood,
Which runs in his Veins ſo blue:
For this gallant Young-Man,
Being a-kin to Queen *Anne*,
Did as, were ſhe a Man, ſhe would do.

8.

While Death flew about,
Aloud he call'd out,
Hoh! you Chevalier of *St. George*,
If you'll neither ſtand,
By Sea nor by Land,
Pretender, that Title you forge.

9.

What a racket was here,
I think 'twas laſt Year,
For a little Misfortune in Spain?

For by letting 'em win,
We have drawn the Puts in,
To loſe all they're worth this Campaign.

10.

Tho *Bruges* and *Ghent*
To *Monſieur* we lent,
With Intereſt they ſhall repay 'em:
While *Paris* may ſing,
With her ſorrowful King,
Nunc Dimittis inſtead of *Te Deum*.

11.

From this Dream of Succeſs
They'll awaken, we gueſs,
At the Sound of Great *Marlborough*'s Drum:
They may think, if they will,
Of *Almanza* ſtill,
But 'tis *Blenheim* wherever he come.

12.

O *Lewis* perplex'd,
What General next?
Thou haſt hitherto chang'd in vain:
He has beat 'em all round;
If no new ones are found,
He ſhall beat the old over again.

13.

We'll let *Tallard* out,
If he'll take t'other bout;
And much he's improv'd, let me tell ye,
With *Nottingham* Ale
At every Meal,
And good Beef and Pudding in's Belly.

14. But

14.

But as Loſers at Play
Their Dice throw away,
While the Winners do ſtill win on;
Let who will command,
Thou had'ſt better disband,
For, old Bully, thy Doctors are gone.

A New Song, the Words by Mr. Eſtc

1.

YOU tell me, *Dick*, you lately read,
That we are beaten in *Spain:*
But prithee, Boy, hold up thy Head,
And we'll beat them twice for it again.
With a fa, la, la, &c.

2.

Is this the Courage you us'd to boaſt?
Why, thou art quite caſt down:
You can reflect on what we've loſt,
But ne'er think what we've won.
With a fa, la, &c.

3.

What tho *Jack Spaniard* crack and bounce,
He ne'er ſhall do ſo again;
We took more Towns from them laſt year,
Than now they have taken Men.
With a fa, la, &c.

4.

In War and Gaming it is the ſame,
According to the old Saying;

Who is ſure to conquer every Game,
Quite loſes the pleaſure of playing,
With a fa, la, &c.

5.

Now we have got a Man whoſe Name
Is *Johnny Marlborough :*
The beaten *French* have felt his Fame,
And ſo ſhall the *Spaniards* do.
With a fa, la, &c.

6.

And ſince we cannot juſtice do
To every Victory,
In a hearty Glaſs our Zeal let's ſhow
To our General's Family.
With a fa, la, &c.

7.

For he has eight fair Daughters,
And each of them is a Charmer;
There's Lady *Rialton, Bridgwater,*
Fine *Sunderland,* Lady *Mountbermer,*
With a fa, la, &c.

8.

The other four ſo charming are,
They will with Raptures fill ye;
There's Lady *Helchin, Schellenberg,*
Bright *Blenheim,* and Lady *Ramilly.*
With a fa, la, &c.

9.

The laſt were got ſo fair and ſtrong,
As in Story ne'er was told;
The firſt four always will be young,
And the laſt will never be old,
With a fa, la, &c.

10.

10.

At every Feaſt e're we all are deceas'd,
And the Service begins to be hard;
'Tis ſurely your Duty to toaſt a young Beauty,
Call'd Mademoiſell *Audenarde*.
With a fa la, &c.

11.

All Joy to his Grace for the ninth of his Race,
She's as fair as moſt of the former;
But where is that he, dares ſo impudent be,
To compare her to Lady *Mounthermer*?
With a fa la, &c.

12.

And now to make thy Hopes more ſtrong,
And make you look like a Man;
Remember that all theſe belong
To the Queen of *Great Britain*.
With a fa la, &c.

13.

Then prithee, *Dick*, hold up thy head,
Altho we were beaten in *Spain*;
As ſure as Scarlet Colour's red,
We'll beat 'em twice for it again.
With a fa la, &c.

1.

DEareſt *Philip*, my Grandſon of *Spain*,
The Fates have call'd thee to *Paris* again;
Fly, comply, O let it be ſoon;
Fly to Grand-Mamma *Maintenon*;

O remember, my Dear, that *Liſle's*
No further from *Paris* than fourſcore Miles.

2.

Brother *Burgundy's* us'd to make haſte,
Sure my *Philip* can run too as faſt;
Do but think Great *Marlborough's* behind,
Then you'll fly as ſwift as the Wind.
So in hopes that we ſoon may meet,
I remain, Grand-Papa, but ſign *Lewis Petite.*

A Song on the Victory gain'd over the French *by the Duke of* Marlborough *and Prince* Eugene, *and alſo the taking of* Mons. *The Words by Mr.* Durfey.

NOW Cannon-Smoke clouds all the Sky,
And through the gloomy Wood,
From every Trench the Bougers fly,
Beſmeer'd with Duſt and Blood.
Whilſt Valour's Palm is ours in fight,
And *Mons* to Terms we bring:
Let bragging *Boufflers* vainly write
Falſe Wonders to the King;
Fate reſolves to end the War,
And *Lewis* like a falling Star,
Though late he ſat on high,
A Meteor of the Sky,
Shall from his place remove,
Whilſt *Europe* o'er does rove,
With welcome Olive Branch, the peaceful Dove.

2. Hail

2.

Hail mighty *Marlborough*, great *Eugene*,
Thanks for your glorious Toil;
And 'mongſt the beſt of martial Men,
Naſſaw and Brave *Argyle*;
Warriors in Honour's Bed who lie,
Whoſe Fame ſhall ever ſpring;
Take for Reward perpetual Joy,
Whoſe great Renown we ſing.
Monſieur, Monſieur, leave off *Spain*;
To think to hold it, is in vain:
Thy Warriors are too few,
Thy Marſhals muſt be new,
Worſe Loſſes will enſue;
Then without more ado,
Be wiſe, and ſtraight call home *Petite Anjou*.

3.

Forty long Years thou haſt in Gore
Been dabbling up and down,
Seek now Imperial Crowns no more,
But plot to ſave thy own.
Sweden the Buckler to thy Arm,
Fomenter of the War,
Who kept thy blind Ambition warm,
Flies from the frozen Czar.
Fill then a Glaſs each *Britiſh* Heart,
From this great Health let no one ſtart;
Here's to our happy Queen,
To *Marlborough* and *Eugene*,
And thoſe that ſhortly mean
To wade the River *Sein*;
Tis, *'tis* a Cordial rare, to cure the Spleen.

A Song occaſion'd by the taking of Liſle. *The Words by Mr.* Durfey.

1.

GRAND *Lewis*, let Pride be abated,
Thy Marſhals have all had a Foil;
Boufflers like *Tallard* is ill-fated,
And *Vendoſm* remembers the *Dyle*.
Thy Hand is quite out at Invaſions,
And ſpite of thy Fortifications,
Brave *Eugene* has taken *Liſle*.
Tho one day *Burgundy*
Was merry with *Berry*,
And bragg'd the Queen's Troops he would ſcourge;
Make *Britons* and Great-Ones
This Summer run from her,
And own Chevalier de *St. George*:
Tho the Crump too that Seaſon
Got *Bruges* and *Ghent* by Treaſon,
We'll make him e'er long diſgorge.

2.

A pox of your Race of High-fliers,
That late on the Battlements ſtood;
Who ſhew'd to get out of the Bryars,
What Princes you had of the Blood.
And well fare the Gallant *Hannover*,
Who late his high Birth to diſcover,
Charg'd as a young Hero ſkou'd.
'Tis ſaid too, who fled too,
Were ſnapt ſo, and cropt ſo,
They never could face us again:

The

That Cunning or Running
Won't better the matter,
They ſhun mighty *Marlborough* in vain.
And Monſieur, t'alarm ye,
If once more he *Hochſtets* your Army,
We'll give ye no thanks for *Spain*.

3.

Thy Troops can do nothing but rattle,
Brave *Webb* the Diſcovery begun;
Who prov'd at the *Wiuendale* Battle,
How faſt thy Mob Army could run.
His Valour ſhall flouriſh in Story,
And thus while he adds to our Glory,
His own will out-poſt the Sun.
Forgetting that beating
A hearty bold Party
Late march'd toward *Bruſſels* fair Town;
There bouncing and clattering,
With Cannon for battering,
The *Electoral Hotſpur* ſat down.
But when ſome time after
Our Generals croſs'd o'er the Water,
Away the wild Gooſe was flown.

4.

Bavaria, this ſhameful Diſaſter
Not half yet repays thy paſt Ill,
For firſt being baſe to thy Maſter,
And afterwards falſe to King *Will*.
And if 'tis thy ſimple Opinion,
Le Roy can reſtore thy Dominion,
Parbleu thou art frantick ſtill.

Purſuing his Ruin,
We're marching and charging,
Reſolv'd on a Winter's Campaign:
Cold, Snowing, and Blowing,
In Terrour are ſhowing,
Great *Marlborough* and Glorious *Eugene*.
We'll ſtorm too like Thunder
Vile Towns that are fated for Plunder,
And take 'em *l' Eſpee a la main*.

A Song on the taking of Doway *and* Aire. *By Mr.* Durfey.

1.

ONCE more the Great General home returns,
Glory and Victory run by his ſide;
Once more the Grand Teazer of *Chriſtendom* mourns,
In ſpite of Convulſions of *Gallick* Pride.
Doway and *Aire*
Conclude our Affair,
And *Dunkirk* next ſyear
Will crown the Campaign.
Yet tho their Brags are repeating,
Tho they're continually beaten,
O Monſieur, what canſt thou mean?

2.

Read Annals of *Cæſar*, you there will ſee
Triumphs were order'd when Arms did excel;
Abate but one Gem of the Royal Degree,
And our lucky Warrior deſerves as well.

Story extols
How *Cæſar* the *Gauls*,
With Routing and Falls,
Did nobly deſtroy.
Marlb'rough's were bolder and braver,
Great *Marlborough* ſucceſsful for ever,
O welcome him, *Britons*, with Songs of Joy.

A Song on the enſuing Campaign, 170
Written by Mr. Durfey.

1.

NOW, now comes on the Glorious Year;
Britain has Hope, and *France* has Fear,
Lewis the War has coſt ſo dear,
He ſlily Peace does tender.
But our two Heroes ſo well know
The Breach of his Word ſome years ago,
They reſolve they will give him another Blow,
Unleſs he *Spain* ſurrender.

2.

Health to the Queen then ſtraight begin,
To *Marlborough* the Great, and to Brave *Eugene*,
With them let Valiant *Webb* come in,
Who late perform'd a Wonder.
Then to the Ocean an Offering make,
And boldly carouze to Brave Sir *John Leake*,
Who with Mortar and Cannon *Mahone* did take,
And made the Pope knock under.

3.

Beat up the Drum a new Alarm,
The Foe is cold, and we are warm;
The Monſieur's Troops can do no harm,
Tho they abound in Numbers.
Puſh them once more, and the War is done,
Old Men and Boys will ſurely run,
And we know we can beat 'em if four to one,
Which he too well remembers.

A New Song, to the Tune of Lilliburlero.

1.

IN the Days of Queen *ANNE*,
Deny it who can,
The poor King of *France* was on his laſt Legs;
And had been undone,
As ſure as a Gun,
But for ſome good Friends of honeſt *Will. Gregg's*,
H-rly, *H-rl-y*, *H-rl-y*, *H-rl-y*, *St. J-hn* and *H-rl-y*,
H-rc-rt and *H-ll*.
H-rl-y, &c.

2.

With an Orthodox Face,
Of Puritan Race,
Robin could banter each Parliament Man;
He knew how to ſpeak
Law, *Latin*, and *Greek*,
But when he ſpoke Truth, it was in *Japan*.
H-rl-y, &c.

3. Pe

3.

Pert *Harry* came next,
Whoſe Spirit was vex'd,
That any damn'd Whig durſt venture to Court:
Was it not a Diſgrace
For a Man in his place,
To lie with a Witch, and pay ſo dear for't?
H-rl-y, &c.

4.

Not *Jefferies* nor *Catch*
Our *Simon* could match,
Nor no other Saint from the *Thames* to the *Tagus*
Good-natur'd and True,
As a *Turk* or a *Jew*,
And much ſuch a Chriſtian as old *Simon Magus*.
H-rl-y, &c.

5.

This Triumvirate
With *Abigail* ſate,
Who ſwore by the Carbuncles of her ſweet Face,
No more the poor Church
Should be left in the lurch,
And none but true Tories ſhould have any Place.
H-rl-y, &c.

6.

All which to make good,
She ſolemnly vow'd
That *France* (in the nick) ſhould *Scotland* invade;
That *Perkin* ſhould come
With Trumpet and Drum,
And try of what metal that Council was made.
H-rl-y, &c.

7.

'Tis nonſenſe to dream,
That a Bitch with a Broom
Could ever contrive to lay ſuch a Scheme;
But that *Roger* of *York*
For ſo pious a Work,
Her Parts had improv'd by cutting of Phlegm.
H-rl-y, &c.

A New Ballad, to the Tune of Packington's Pound.

1.

YOU Vicars, and Curates, and Lecturers all,
Make haſte and repair unto *Weſtminſter-Hall*;
For there you may hear every one if you will,
No Trial at Bar, but a Trial of Skill:
For Low-Church and High
Their Strength are to try,
Where Queen, Lords and Commons are all to be by.
Cheverell! O *Cheverell!* 'tis all long of thee,
After thou wert hanged on the Triple-Tree.

2.

For *Cheverell* of *Southwark* a Sermon has preach'd,
For which by the Commons he now ſtands impeach'd;
Becauſe it was ſuſpected this Sermon was meant
Againſt the good Queen, and her good Government:
Which if it appears
Before our wiſe Peers,
It is thought he will hardly eſcape with his Ears.
Cheverell, &c.

3.

In which may be found that ſome Notions and Words
May paſs the Lord's Houſe, but not the Houſe of Lords.
Your Prieſtt-riding Doctrine is quite out of date,
Tho early you learnt it, you teach it too late:
Then mark what I cry,
To Churchmen that fly,
The lower you fall, the more you mount high.
O *Cheverell!* &c.

4.

But look what a Change of Affairs is here come,
Which ſhews that moſt Men are much frailer than ſome
His Judges, 'tis true, have the Criminal caſt,
But then what a Sentence do you think they have paſt
For ſtrangely inclin'd
To condemn, yet be kind,
Their Puniſhment light, as their Juſtice is blind.
O *Cheverell!* &c.

5.

His Cure's turned fine Cure for his Offence,
With nothing to do but pick up the good Pence;
Wherefore 'tis believed when he preaches next,
He'll take ſpecial Care how to alter his Text:
For in Peril was he,
As great as might be,
Till by ſome falſe Brethren he quite was let free.
O *Cheverell!* &c.

6.

You Vicars, and Curates, and Lecturers all,
May go back again now from Weſtminſter-Hall;
Sedition preach up, at the Government rail,
No Dangers ſhall follow your ill-temper'd Zeal.

For far from discarded,
You shall be rewarded,
And who knows by whom at length much regarded,
O *Cheverell !* O *Cheverell !* 'twere better for we,
That thou wert hanged on the Triple-Tree.

A New Ballad on a late Strolling Doctor, To the old Tune of, Hey Boys! Up go we: *or what other you please.*

1.

GOOD Folks, I pray, have you not heard
Of a Criminal of late,
Who has rode thro Town and Country too,
In a most pompous State?
In a most pompous State indeed,
In a Train of brainless Fools,
All manag'd by some Knaves above,
And made their easy Tools.

2.

This was a Man in holy Church,
Of Republican Renown
In * Eighty Eight, who laboured hard
To pull his Sovereign down;
To pull his Sovereign down to rights,
And set up Glorious *W—ll L—*,
The bravest Prince that e'er before
The *British* Throne did fill.

3.

But this ſame ſhuffling Prieſt has ſince
A ſilly Turn-coat prov'd,
And by his Paſſive Doctrine has
The Mob to Rebellion mov'd:
The Mob to Rebellion mov'd, (ah R——!)
Againſt the Church and Queen,
And all the Laws *impune*: ſure
The like was never ſeen.

4.

This Prieſt in all his Strollings met
With more than Fidler's Fare,
For he'ad Meat and Drink, and Yellow-boys,
And Women e'en to ſpare:
And Women e'en to ſpare, forſooth,
Thanks to their thick-ſkull'd Fools,
That were marſag'd by ſome Knaves above,
And made their eaſy Tools.

5.

The *Levites* of this Jollity
Reſolving to partake,
Came thick and threefold into th' Croud
Juſt as at any Wake;
All to huzza, and ſhew themſelves
As errant Oaffs and Fools,
As e'er were rid by crafty Knaves,
That knew who were their Tools.

6.

And now to work they went full drive,
Addreſſes for to make;
And ſlap-dash *Lives* and Fortunes all,
Sans Senſe or Reaſon ſtake:

Sans

Sans Senſe or Reaſon ſtake, ſuch are
  Theſe wretched miſcreant Fools,
Who are manag'd by ſome Knaves above,
  And made their eaſy Tools.

7.

But would you gladly know, herein
  What was their main Intent?
Why, 'twas to have the Queen (God bleſs!)
  Call a new Parliament:
Call a new Parliament forthwith,
  To pleaſe theſe Tory Fools,
Who are manag'd by ſome Knaves above,
  And made their eaſy Tools.

8.

And ah! when that is once obtain'd,
  What next will be their Cry?
A Whirligig, a Turn-about,
  And Change of Miniſtry:
A Change of Miniſtry, no doubt,
  Would pleaſe theſe *Bedlam* Fools,
Who are manag'd, *&c.*

9.

But then to plague the Whigs, on whom
  They hope to wreak their Spite,
The Acts of Settlement they damn,
  For Hereditary Right:
For Hereditary Right, in hopes
  To pleaſe theſe High-Church Fools,
Who are manag'd, *&c.*

10.

But how do they confound this Right,
Both Human and Divine!
Her Majeſty's, and alſo that
Of th' *Hannoverian* Line!
This only's made a Stale, to draw
In *Country*-Puts and Fools,
Who are manag'd, *&c.*

11.

But now ſtand clear, for the Bellow is,
O the Danger of the Church!
Th' *Apoſtolick* muſt by no means
Be left in woful lurch:
But Non-Reſiſtance ſtoutly muſt
Be held up to old Rules,
Or elſe ſome Knaves above would loſe
Their new bigotted Tools.

12.

Pray God bleſs Queen *Anne*, and keep,
And mightily defend her
From all that ſooth her to her face,
Yet would bring in Pretender:
Yet would bring the Pretender in,
To undeceive thoſe Fools
Who have been manag'd by ſome Knaves,
That call'd them their own Tools.

The Tories Triumph on the News of the Pretender's Expedition to Switzerland, *alias* England. *Being a new Song to a merry old Tune, made in the Year* 1641. *reviv'd in* 1683. *and lately perform'd at the* Bell-Tavern *in* W——r.

1.

NOW, now the Whigs ſhall all go down,
The Tories up and ride;
The genuine Sons of C—— and C——n
On both ſhall get aſtride.
We'll damn thoſe ſtiff Republicans,
As low as low may be;
And whip and ſpur, we'll ſeize the Reins:
Then, hey Boys! up go we.

2.

We'll broach our Tubs, and Principles,
Of *October*'s Paſſive Growth;
And till our Clubs and Bottles fail,
Will ſtand and fall by both.
With theſe we'll rout their boaſted Cauſe
Of Legal Liberty:
Pretend the Church, to break the Laws;
Then, hey Boys! up go we.

3.

Their Meeting-Houſes we will gut,
And then, as we were wont,
We'll ſwear 'twas a Fanatick Plot,
And the Rogues themſelves have don't.

With

With *French* and Papiſts we will join,
To ſhew our Loyalty;
Set *Perkin* up with Right Divine,
Then, hey Boys! up go we.

4.

We'll ſend our Fool the Country round,
His way for to prepare,
With Trumpet, Pipe, and Flag and Drum,
Like Cavalcade of Bear:
The Church's Danger to advance,
Tho in ſuch a Tool as he,
Will ſerve till better come from *France:*
Then hey Boys! up go we.

5.

We'll pray and curſe, addreſs and ſwear,
Pro-con the Revolution;
With *Hannover* confound the Heir
Of Paſſive Inſtitution.
The Legal Right to weaken thus,
Our Intereſt 'twill be:
For *Perkin* then comes next in courſe,
Then, hey Boys! up go we.

6.

To bring this bleſſed Change about,
We'll jumble and confound
Whig-Politicks, and Credit rout,
And ſo the Wheels go round:
Till having run our Rope's full reach,
With Mirth and merry Glee,
We find 'twill hold, as well as ſtretch;
Then, hey Boys! up go we.

A Health to the Preſent Conſtitution.

1.

FILL up the mighty ſparkling Bowl,
Let's join in a Health without controul,
To the pious Mem'ry of the Soul
That form'd the Revolution.
To all loyal Lads, here's three in a hand,
'Tis the Queen, and the Church, and the Laws of the Land;
May they one by the other firmly ſtand,
And guard our Conſtitution.

2.

Let's all join hands, and merry be,
Pledg you the Right, while the Left pledg me,
And in a Health let's all agree,
To celebrate the Union.
To North and South our Patriots all,
And mighty *Anne*, who gave the Call;
They've cruſh'd our Foes, who loud did baul
To ſeparate Communion.

3.

What does the Faction mean to do?
Dare they not honeſt be, nor true?
We'll give the Devil what's his Due,
As you may all remember.
Did not Sedition preach up high,
To rouze the *Jacks*, inrag'd to fly,
And pull from the Throne her M———y,
The fifth of laſt *November?* 1709.

4. With

4.

With pleaſure they view Old *England*'s Scars,
And ſtill would renew her Civil Wars,
For this they now foment new Jars,
And curſe the Toleration.
Nor need we doubt *Sa——ell*,
Hi——ns and *Le——ly* know full well,
That the Plan of the Plot was form'd in Heſl,
To d—— n the *Britiſh* Nation.

5.

They pray for the Church, their Biſhops hate,
Swear to the Crown, diſown the State,
And wretched ſtuff they give of late,
To ſooth our Faith's Defender.
Their empty Tricks made all Men ſmile,
To ſee their Schemes themſelves beguile,
And think they're ſerving all the while
Their little ſham Pretender.

6.

What mighty Conteſt now and then,
Imploying both the Preſs and Pen,
'Twixt *Lord-knows-who* and Brother *Ben*,
To try the Force of Reaſon!
But in the end our wholeſom Laws,
With honeſt Hearts and deſerv'd Applauſe,
Are ſearching the Merits of the Cauſe,
Pray Fate it prove not Treaſon.

7.

In flowing Cups let's friendly heal
The Jars in State or Commonweal,
The Health we drink let none conceal,
Our Noble Legiſlators.

May Peace and Plenty bleſs their Seed,
Our Fleet and Armys ſtill ſucceed,
Queen, Lords, and Commons all agreed,
In ſpite of Conſpirators.

A New Ballad. To the Tune of Fair Roſamond.

1.

WHENAS Q—— *A*—— of great Renown
Great Britain's Scepter ſway'd,
Beſides the Church, ſhe dearly lov'd
A dirty Chamber-maid.

2.

O! *Abi*—— that was her Name,
She ſtarch'd and ſtitch'd full well;
But how ſhe pierc'd this Royal Heart,
No mortal Man can tell.

3.

However, for ſweet Service done,
And Cauſes of great weight;
Her Royal Miſtreſs made her, Oh!
A Miniſter of State.

4.

Her Secretary ſhe was not,
Becauſe ſhe could not write;
But had the Conduct and the Care
Of ſome dark Deeds at Night.

5. The

5.

The important Paſs of the Back-Stairs
Was put into her Hand;
And up ſhe brought the greateſt R——
Grew in this fruitful Land.

6.

And what am I to do, quoth he,
Oh! for this Favour great?
You are to teach me how, quoth ſhe,
To be a Sl—— of State.

7.

My Diſpoſitions they are good,
Miſchievous and a Lyar;
A ſaucy, proud, ungrateful B——,
And for the Church entire.

8.

Great Qualities, quoth *Machiavel*:
And ſoon the World ſhall ſee
What you can for your Miſtreſs do,
With one ſmall Daſh of me.

9.

In Counſel ſweet, Oh! then they ſat,
Where ſhe did Griefs unfold,
Had long her grateful Heart oppreſs'd:
And thus her Tale ſhe told.

10.

From Shreds and Dirt in low degree,
From Scorn in piteous State,
A Dutcheſs bountiful has made
Of me a Lady Great.

11.

Some Favours ſhe has heap'd upon
This undeſerving Head,
That for to eaſe me from their Weight,
Good God, that ſhe were dead!

12.

Oh! let me then ſome means find out,
This teazing Debt to pay:
I think, quoth he, to get her Place
Would be the only way.

13.

For leſs than you ſhe muſt be brought,
Or I can never ſee
How you can pay the Boons receiv'd,
When you are leſs than ſhe.

14.

My Arguments lie in few words,
Yet not the leſs in weight;
And oft with good ſucceſs we uſe
Such in Affairs of State.

15.

Quoth ſhe 'tis not to be withſtood,
I'll puſh it, from this hour:
I will be grateful, or at leaſt
I'll have it in my power.

16.

Quoth he, ſince my poor Counſel gains
Such Favour in your eye,
I have a ſmall Requeſt to make.
I hope you won't deny.

17.

Some Bounties I like you have had
From one that bears the Wand,
And very fain I would, like you,
Repay them if I can.

18.

Witneſs ye Heavens! how I wiſh
To ſlide into his Place;
Only to ſhew him Countenance,
When he is in Diſgrace.

19.

Oh! would you uſe your Intereſt Great
With our moſt gracious Q———;
Such things I'd quickly bring about,
This Land hath never ſeen.

20.

Give me but once her Royal Ear,
Such Notes I'll in it ſound,
As from her ſweet Repoſe ſhall make
Her Royal Head turn round.

21.

He ſpoke, and ſtraightway it was done,
She gain'd him free Acceſs:
God long preſerve our Gracious Q———,
The Parliament no leſs.

22.

Now from this Hour it was remark'd,
That there was ſuch Reſort
Of many great and high Divines
Unto the Q———'s fair Court.

23.

Myſterious things that long were hid,
Began to come to light;
And many of the Church's Sons
Were in a zealous Fright.

24.

'Twas ſaid, with Sighs and anxious Looks,
A General abroad
Had won more Battles than their Friends,
The *French*, could well afford.

25.

That ſo much Mony had been ſent,
Such needleſs things t'advance;
It ſure was time, as in Reigns paſt,
Some now ſhould come from *France*.

26.

At laſt they ſpoke it out, and ſaid,
'Twas of the laſt import,
That there ſhould be a thorow Change
In Army, Fleet, and Court.

27.

For wicked *Johnny Marlborough*
So madly puſh'd things on,
That ſhould he unto *Paris* go,
The Church was quite undone.

28.

The Wiſe and pious Q—— gave ear
To this devout Advice;
And honeſt ſturdy *Sunderland*
Was whip'd up in a trice.

29.

Avaſt! cry'd out the Admiral;
No-near, you Rogues, no-near!
Your Ship will be amongſt the Rocks,
If at this rate you ſteer.

30.

With that the Man that kept the Caſh,
Slipt in a word or two;
Which made an old Acquaintance think
This Game would never do.

31.

He but one Eye had in his Head,
But with that one he ſaw
Theſe Prieſts might bring about his ears
A thing we call Club-Law.

32.

He on his Pillow laid his Head,
And on mature Debate
With that, and what his Wife reſolv'd,
To play a Trick of State.

33.

Like Dr. *Burgeſs* much renown'd,
Of one he did take care;
Then ſlipt his Cloke, and left the reſt
All in moſt ſad Deſpair.

34.

The Conſequence of this was ſuch,
Our good and gracious Q——,
Not knowing why ſhe e'er went wrong,
Came quickly right again.

35.

However, taking ſafe Advice
From thoſe that knew her well,
She *Abigail* turn'd out of doors,
And hang'd up *Machiavel*.

A Ballad to the Tune of the Dame of Honour.

1.

ALL things are chang'd in Court and Town
Since *Sarah's* happy Days, Sir:
One who of late had ſcarce a Gown,
Now Q—— and Kingdom ſways, Sir.
She'as neither Beauty, Birth nor Senſe,
Yet does controul the Nation;
A matchleſs Stock of Impudence,
And blaſted Reputation.

2.

Four Pounds a Year was her Eſtate,
Time alters her Condition;
A Lady fine ſhe's grown of late,
And a wondrous Politician.
The ugly Jade to tope retires,
While others ſnore abed, Sir;
With Bumpers ſhe augments thoſe Fires,
That make her Noſe ſo red, Sir,

3. The

3.

The Salamander of her Noſe,
That has been a Publick Tax, Sir,
Shall be an Offering to her Foes,
In ſpite of the Noſe of Wax, Sir.
Oh that ſome truly zealous Friend
Would give the Bitch a Potion,
While *Ox*——*d*'s Mouth, at lower end,
Were ſet to meet the Motion.

4.

Or that they'd ſend her brawny Bum,
As hard as Alablaſter;
'Twou'd make a pretty ſort of Drum,
To ſerve her little Maſter.
Oh may our Q—— in ſafety reign,
And *Marlb'rough* again protect her;
May he deſtroy the ſubtle Train
Of Courtiers that infect her.

5.

May he all *R*——*n*'s Tricks defeat,
However deeply laid, Sir:
And his whole Ruin to compleat,
Turn out the Chambermaid, Sir.
Then if the *French* ſhould ſend her King,
We'll turn her Touch-hole to him:
With Fire and Smoke, and t'other thing,
Oh! we ſhall quite undo him.

To the Tune of Cold and Raw.

1.

England, of late a Glorious State,
Made *France* to beat a Parley,
And ſue for Peace at any rate:
Who broke it off but *H*——*y*?
Who is it now concludes a Peace,
On *Perkin*'s ſide ſo fairly?
Some who are in the Q——n's good Grace,
Why *Abigail* and *H*—— *y*.

2.

Who put the Nation in a flame,
That coſt us now ſo dearly;
And turned out our Men of Fame?
Why *Abigail* and *H*——*y*.
If ever we ſee better Times,
And Juſtice acted fairly;
Who muſt be hang'd for theſe High Crimes?
Why *Abigail* and *H*——*y*.

To the Tune of Fair Roſamond.

1.

I Pray God bleſs our Gracious Q——
A Q—— of high Renown;
And fix upon her unfix'd Head
The tottering *Britiſh* Crown.

2. Tottering.

2.

Tottering, I think, it may be ſaid,
For ſo it ſeems to me,
From the Old Game that now is play'd
By the New Min——y.

3.

This Min——y is Tripartite,
Two He's and eke one She;
To match them, when they three unite,
The Devil himſelf muſt be.

4.

Firſt, *Harlequin*, a Man of Sleight,
As many Shapes can take,
As there are Stars in ſtarry Night:
Oh may the Q—— awake!

5.

And ſee this doubling tricking Wight
In his natural Shape:
O how her Hair would ſtand upright,
And Royal Mouth would gape!

6.

With him *Monoculus* does join,
Well taught by *France* and *Rome*
How to ſob off the Rightful Line,
And bring ſweet *Perkin* home.

7.

Then to conſult theſe two did go,
But then they had forgot
That the Devil with *Adam* nought could do,
Till Eve join'd in the Plot.

8.

Therefore they flew to Female Aid,
And ſtraitway did agree,
That the Carbuncle Chambermaid
Should make one of the three.

9.

For none ſo fit an Inſtrument
To work the Works of Hell,
As e'er in Iſle or Continent,
Since Father *Adam* fell.

10.

Hereditary Right they us'd,
Their Miſtreſs to dumfound;
So ſadly was ſhe thus abus'd,
Her Royal Head turn'd round.

11.

Now when the Head is giddy grown,
What thereon is doth ſhake;
Therefore I call it tottering Crown:
Awake, O Q——, awake!

To the Tune of the Windſor Minuet.

1.

MAdam take care,
For *Robin* gulls you,
And lulls you
Aſleep, you'll be betray'd,
He is a Rogue, a Rogue in grain,
That will do any thing for Gain.

Madam ev'n then
Diſcard this Villain,
With *Gillian*,
Your dirty Chambermaid.

2.

What tho ſhe tells
Fine Tales, ſhe ſhams you,
And flams you
With Lyes that all are *French*.
Robin and ſhe are both agreed
To ſet up *Perkin* ſoon in your ſtead,
Then look about,
And trounce thoſe Cheaters,
And Traitors,
Both *Robin* and his Wench.

3.

Hang them both up,
And put in their Places
Their Graces
The Duke and Dutcheſs again.
And your old Steward, if you would prize,
Credit again would begin to riſe:
Lewis would then,
For fear, ſoon knuckle,
And truckle,
And give both *India* and *Spain*.

4.

God ſave the Queen
And Church, and mend us,
And ſend us
A good and laſting Peace;

A Peace that will ſecure our Trade,
And all the Proteſtant Acts we have made,
Which if it don't,
May all Peace-makers,
League-breakers,
Be drown'd in the *South-Seas*.

An Excellent New Song, call'd, Credit Reſtor'd, *in the Year* 1711. *To the Tune of,* Come prithee, *Horace,* hold up thy Head.

1.

ALL *Britons* rejoice at this Turn of the State,
Which reſcu'd from Plunder the Nation;
From this happy Year you for ever may date
Of Credit the Reſtoration.
La, la, &c.

2.

To begin with the Bank, which the Learned aver,
Of Credit the Meaſure moſt true is;
It flouriſhes ſo, that One Hundred Pounds there
Now at leaſt worth a Hundred and Two is.
La, la, &c.

3.

Tho once it was more, as the Faction does boaſt,
Intrinſick Worth never can vary:
Their *Twenty and Seven*, they find to their coſt,
Like our *Two* is but Imaginary.
La, la, &c.

4. And

14.

Thoſe extravagant Rogues would have ſpent in a trice,
What they gain'd with much Danger and Trouble;
But our Governours prudent have found this Device,
That they might not their Families bubble.
La, la, &c.

15.

Great Schemes like to theſe might be well brought to bear
Since the Perſons employ'd were not ſmall;
For who ſhould they be but the good *M———r,*
And the beautiful *Abigail?*
La, la, &c.

16.

Young *Cato* to them had the next mighty Share,
And all muſt acknowledg that he is
As buſy and warm in his * *Country's Affair,*
As in her own Hive any Bee is. * Examiner
La, la, &c.

17.

For an Inſtance of this, he in publick maintain'd,
That the *Debt was of mere Grace and Favour;*
Which tho this great Orator fully explain'd,
Yet her M———y paid it, God ſave her.
La, la, &c.

18.

Thus our Debts being clear'd from the fruitful *South-Sea,*
In Wealth we ſhall daily grow ſtronger:
Tho Stock-Jobbing fails, why diſmay'd ſhould we be,
Since we want to be truſted no longer?
La, la, &c.

19.

For a Box is juſt landed, by which we may find
Our Work done in *France* and *Peru* is;
And the long wiſh'd-for Peace already is ſign'd
Betwixt *Arthur M*——— and King *Lewis*.
La, la, &c.

An Excellent New Song, call'd, An End to our Sorrows. To the Tune of, I laugh at the Pope's Devices.

1.

SING Praiſe to our Gracious Queen *Anne,*
Who quietly ſits on her Throne;
Having well got rid of a Clan,
That too ſaucily Wiſe were grown.

2.

For their Counſels (as well it is ſeen)
And Schemes were ſo very correct,
They left no Pow'r in the Queen,
Or Amendments to make or reject.

3.

Which was a juſt Cauſe to diſcard 'em,
And lodg the whole Power in *One.*
Heav'n, doubtleſs, will juſtly reward him,
If he finiſhes, as he'as begun.

4.

His Actions ſo wiſe are and juſt,
Without any ſiniſter Ends;
Altho he ſhould do, what his Truſt
Will not warrant, we will be his Friends.

5. Ni

5.

His Capacity's greater by far, than
Any Stateſman that e'er went before him;
Having paid a vaſt Debt to a farthing
Without Mony, for which we adore him.

6.

He'll Silver in Plenty bring home,
By the Trade fix'd in the *South-Sea*;
Which, if it no any thing come,
No doubt it will ſomething be.

7.

Our Credit was once at a ſtand,
But now 'tis reſtor'd again;
Since *Nine* or *Ten* does command
What with *Six* was endeavour'd in vain.

8.

And *Fifty per Cent.* has ſuch Savour,
'Twill always our Navy ſupply;
And who, for truſting his Favour,
Can give better Reaſons why?

9.

But this is but part of the Sum,
That to his great Wiſdom we owe;
A Peace he has under his Thumb,
That does all his great Actions out-go.

10.

By which, of the Ballance of Power
We need have no farther Care;
Since *Philip* of *Spain* ſhall reſtore
Ev'ry Inch that Old *Lewis* can ſpare.

11.

The Act of Succeſſion ſhall be
Confirm'd to the Joy of the Nation;
Of which, we all muſt agree,
That *Perkin* has no Expectation.

12.

Of our Trade too, is taken great care;
Which cannot be reckon'd in vain:
For now we have nothing to fear,
If *France* does her Promiſe maintain.

13.

For th' Allies; the Queſtion is, Whether
(Such Care of our ſelves being taken)
'Tis material to keep 'em together,
To ſave one another's Bacon.

14.

'Tis a Work ſo hard to be done,
Each ſeparate State to pleaſe;
'Tis better to let it alone,
Than thereby to obſtruct ſuch a Peace.

15.

While the Church, as eſtabliſh'd by Law,
Is fenc'd with ſuch Zealous Defenders;
As ſoon we may dread any Clauſe
That may favour the *Pope*, as *Diſſenters*.

16.

All this being gain'd by the Peace,
Will ſure drive away all our Fears;
Eſpecially ſince a long Leaſe
Is ſecur'd, of at leaſt Three Years.

17.

Then ſing to the Praiſe and Glory
Of Her who ſits on the Throne;
Let every Whig and Tory
Be thankful for this when done.

18.

Till when, for better or worſe,
We impatiently wait the Succeſs;
Which a Bleſſing will be, or a Curſe,
Pray God, it may be for the beſt.

A New Ballad, to the Old Tune of Chevy-Chaſe.

1.

GOD proſper long this Free-born Iſle,
And make to *Britons* known,
To talk of Peace is ſcarce worth while,
Unleſs 'tis good, or none.

2.

Tho Taxes may by Peace abate,
Yet what Man gains a Teſter,
If Skin be patch'd o'er broken Pate
Before we cure the Feſter.

4.

We have abjur'd; then reſt aſſur'd,
Ye Clergy or ye Laymen,
That noble Act muſt be ſecur'd,
Or elſe Lord help us! *Amen.*

4.

With each Heart's Vein dread *Europe*'s Chain,
Since there no thing more true is,
Than that if *Spain* muſt appertain
To *Anjou*, he is *Lewis*.

5.

God ſave the Queen, if thus they mean,
And from old *Lew*' defend her;
Since Five and Five is no more Ten,
Than he is our Pretender.

6.

He own'd King *Will*, and ſo would ſtill,
To gain a breathing Truce;
Then keep his Royal Word, until
To break it ſerv'd his Uſe.

7.

So faithleſs Winds decoy the Ship,
With Promiſe to perſiſt;
Then into ſome croſs Corner ſlip,
And drive her as they liſt.

8.

Who firſt a Mouſe-Trap did invent,
And baited it with Bacon;
His mythologick Warning meant,
Be not by fair Words taken.

9.

In vain poor Souls have flock'd in Shoals,
If Peace ſhould Slaves decree 'em,
To offer up, at Quire of *Paul's*,
Their needleſs Pſalm *Te Deum*.

10.

It was not thus in days of old,
As Hiſtories repeat;
For Men did then a Diff'rence hold
'Twixt Vict'ry and Defeat.

11.

Nor was the Secret often known,
Thro Courſe of Ages paſt;
The Conquering Side to be undone,
The Conquer'd gain at laſt.

12.

A Gameſter, at a Hazard-Bet,
Would think 't a Bubble-Caſe,
When Main is thrown, and Stake is ſet,
To loſe it to *Deux-Ace*.

13.

Thus ſmitten Hearts feel cruel Darts,
From a receding Eye;
Which *Parthian*-like, as Love aſſerts,
At once can kill and fly.

14.

When injur'd *Greeks* beleaguer'd *Troy*,
And liv'd in Boots ten Years;
They let the Place no Reſt enjoy,
Till burnt about their ears.

15.

Sly Proffers of, tho wiſh'd for, Peace,
With Sword in hand they heard;
But ſcorn'd Hoſtilities ſhould ceaſe,
Till Wrongs were firſt repair'd.

16.

No leſs than Madneſs it was thought,
At that wiſe time o' day;
To claim the Prize for which they fought,
And then to give 't away.

17.

Kind Vict'ry thus were like the Cow,
Which crumps her Back and Tail;
And after yielding Milk enough,
Friſks round, and ſpills the Pail.

18.

Then, this Diſpute to reconcile,
Let's end where we begun;
Nor talk of Peace as worth the while,
Except 'tis good or none.

19.

And ſo God bleſs our Gracious Queen,
And may our Pray'rs ne'er ceaſe;
That his great Hand would intervene,
Be it a War or Peace.

The Age of Wonders. To the Tune of Chevy Chaſe.

1.

THE Year of Wonders is arriv'd,
The Devil has learnt to dance;
The Church from Danger juſt retriev'd
By Help brought in from *France*.

2.

Nature's run mad, and Madmen rule,
The World's turn'd upside down;
Tumult puts in to keep the Peace,
And Popery the Crown.

3.

In all the Ages of the World,
Such Wonders ne'er were seen;
Papists cry out for th' *English* Church,
And Rabbles for the Queen.

4.

The Pulpit thunders Death and War,
To heal the bleeding Nation;
And sends Dissenters to the Devil,
To keep the Toleration.

5.

The High-Church Clergy mounted high,
Like Sons of *Jehu* drive;
And over true Religion ride,
To keep the Church alive.

6.

The Furioso's of the Church
Come foremost like the Wind;
And Moderation out of breath,
Comes trotting on behind.

7.

The Realm from Danger to secure,
To foreign Aid we cry;
With Papists and Nopjurors join,
To keep out Popery.

8.

King *William* on our Knees we curſe,
And damn the Revolution;
And to preſerve the Nation's Peace,
We ſtudy its Confuſion.

9.

With treacherous Heart and double Tongue,
Both Parties we adhere to;
Pray for the Side we ſwear againſt,
And curſe the Side we ſwear to.

10.

To Heaven we for our Sovereign pray,
And take the Abjuration;
But take it *Hocus-Pocus* way,
With juggling Reſervation.

11.

Sacheverell-like, with double Face,
We pray for our Defender;
To good Queen *Anne* make vile Grimace,
But drink to the Pretender.

12.

With Presbyterians we unite,
And Proteſtant Succeſſion;
But if the Devil came for both,
We'd give him free Poſſeſſion.

13.

Our Scheme of Politicks is wiſe,
Good Lord! that you'd but read it!
T' pulls *Marlb'rough* down, to beat the *French*,
And the Bank, to keep our Credit.

14. Becauſe

14.

Becauſe our Treaſurer was juſt,
And Houſe of Commons hearty;
And neither would betray their Truſt,
Or ſell us to a Party:

15.

Our Buſineſs is, that neither may
Their Places long abide in;
But get ſome choſen in their room,
As no Man can confide in.

16.

Who ſhall deſerve your mighty Praiſe
For Fund, and eke for Loan;
And may the Nation's Credit raiſe,
But never can their own.

17.

Becauſe declaring Rights to reign,
Our Parliaments have part in;
We'll have the Queen that Claim diſown,
For one that's more uncertain.

18.

The Reſtoration to make plain,
That *Perkin* mayn't miſcarry;
We've wiſely wheedled up the Queen
To Right Hereditary.

19.

The Dignity of Parliaments,
The ſtronger to imprint in 's;
We hug the Prieſt whom they condemn,
And ridicule their Sentence.

20.

In order to diſcourage Mobs,
And keep the People quiet;
The Rabblers we condemn for Form,
But not a Rogue ſhall die yet.

21.

The Duke of *Marlborough* to requite,
For retrieving *Engliſh* Honour;
His Dutcheſs ſhall have all the Spite
That Fools can put upon her.

22.

For Battels fought, and Towns reduc'd,
And Popiſh Armies broken,
And that our *Engliſh* Gratitude
May to future times be ſpoken:

23.

While fighting for the Nation he
Looks Danger in the face,
We ſtrive to inſult his Family,
And load him with Diſgrace.

24.

Becauſe he's crown'd with Victory,
And all the People love him;
We hate the Man for his Succeſs,
And therefore will remove him.

25.

And now we're ſtirring up the Mob
Againſt a new Election,
That High-Church Members may be choſe
By our moſt wiſe Direction.

26.

That Queens may Parliaments diſſolve,
No doubt 'tis right and juſt;
But we have found it out, that now,
Becauſe ſhe may, ſhe muſt.

27.

The Bankrupt Nation to reſtore,
And pay the Millions lent;
We'll at one daſh wipe out the Score,
With Spunge of Parliament.

28.

Then we can carry on the War,
With neither Fund or Debit;
And Banks ſhall eat us up no more,
Upon pretence of Credit.

29.

If not, we'll cloſe with Terms of Peace,
Preſcrib'd by *France* and *Rome*;
That War being huddled up abroad,
May then break out at home.

A New Song. Being a Second Part to the ſame Tune of Lilliburlero, *&c.*

1.

A Treaty's on foot, look about *Engliſh* Boys,
Stop a bad Peace as ſoon as you can;
A Peace which our *Hannover*'s Title deſtroys,
And ſhakes the high Throne of our glorious Queen *Anne*.
Over, over, Hannover, *over*,
Haſte and aſſiſt our Queen and our State;
Haſte over, Hannover, *faſt as you can over*,
Put in your Claim before 'tis too late.

2.

A Bargain our Queen made with her good Friends
The *States*, to uphold the Proteſtant Line;
If a bad Peace is made, that Bargain then ends,
And ſpoils her good Majeſty's gallant Deſign.
Over, over, &c.

3.

A Creature there is, that goes by more Names
Than ever an honeſt Man could, ſhould, or would;
And I wiſh we don't find him an arrant King *James*,
Whene'er he peeps out from under his Hood.
Over, over, &c.

4.

The *Dauphin* of *France* to a Monaſt'ry went,
To viſit the Mother of him aforeſaid;
He wiſh'd her much Joy, and he left her content
With a dainty fine Peace about to be made.
Over, over, &c.

5. What

5.

What kind of a Peace, I think we may guess,
So welcome muſt be to her and her Lad:
And let any Man ſay it, if we can do leſs
Than be very ſorry, when they're very glad.
Over, over, &c.

6.

Whoe'er is in Place, I care not a fig,
Nor will I decide 'twixt High-Church and Low;
'Tis now no Diſpute between *Tory* and *Whig*,
But whether a Popiſh Succeſſor, or no.
Over, over, &c.

7.

Our honeſt Allies this Peace do explain,
Of which our *French* Foes ſo loudly do boaſt;
But I hope, if they reckon on *India* and *Spain*,
They reckon without conſulting their Hoſt.
Over, over, &c.

8.

Or elſe we muſt bid farewel to our Trade,
Whatever fine Tales ſome People have told;
For whene'er a Peace of that nature is made,
We ſhall ſend out no Wool, nor bring home no Gold.
Over, over, &c.

9.

Then wage on the War, Boys, with all your Might,
Our Taxes are great, but our Danger's not ſmall;
We'd better be half undone, than be quite,
As half a Loaf's better than no Bread at all.
Over, over, &c.

French *Preliminaries. A New Ballad to the Old Tune of* Packington's Pound.

L L you that have Stock, and are mad for a Peace,
Come liſten a while, and I'll give your Hearts eaſe;
let all true Churchmen rejoice when they ſee
v low the *French* creep to the new Min——y.
reat Poet lately was ſent into *France*,
a general Treaty to make ſome Advance;
eturn of whoſe Viſit, a Knight newly made,
a governing Man of the *French South-Sea* Trade,
ie with a full Power, as he ſays, from the King,
ſe Tidings of Gladneſs for *Britain* to bring.

1.

declares *that the King will do all that is fitting*
cknowledg her Majeſty Queen of Great Britain:
which, if you ſcruple to take his bare Word,
y think how that Monarch us'd *William* the Third;
om he own'd, and diſown'd, and ſet up the Pretender,
l with him ſtill noſes our Church's Defender.
alſo proteſts *that the Crown ſhall deſcend,*
at preſent 'tis ſettled for that very end.

2.

t *he will* bona fide *and freely conſent,*
t *whoever is able, may take care to prevent*
French, *and the* Spaniards *being under one Yoke*;
ich is eaſily done when the Alliance is broke:
he horribly fears leſt an Exceſs of Pow'r
Quiet of Europe may chance to devour.

3. He

3.

He alſo intends *the Allies One and All*,
(For he ſcorns to except the Great or the Small)
If they'll be but contented with what he will give 'em,
Shall find he's a Man that will never deceive 'em:
Their Trade ſhall be ſafe; tho he does not declare,
To inquiſitive Folks, in what manner, or where.

4.

As the King will maintain the Peace when concluded,
So for fear leſt the *Dutch* ſhould think they're deluded,
Of them on a ſudden he's grown very tender,
And conſents, for their Good, *that they may ſurrende*
Whate'er has been taken in Flanders *this War*,
And he'll then yield them back a very good Barr.
But as for the Title of *States High and Mighty*,
Which ſome People uſe on purpoſe to fright ye,
The Republick of Holland does properer ſeem;
For Republicks of late are in mighty Eſteem.

5.

The King conſents likewiſe, that, inſtead of Spain,
A Barrier ſhall for the Empire remain.

6.

Tho Dunkirk *was bought by the King pretty dear,*
And has coſt Mony ſince, as may plainly appear,
His Majeſty's willing however to ſwear
He'll raze all the Works at the end of the War,
If he may but a proper Equivalent have;
That is, what his Majeſty thinks fit to crave:
But as England, *he's told, is now grown ſo poor,*
That for what her King ſold for Some Pence *and*
Whore,
An Equivalent cannot be rais'd by that Nation,
But ſhall be refer'd to the Negotiation.

ıce more by his Faith, an Oath none e'er doubted;
: ſwears *in this Peace no Prince ſhall be outed:*
r *he does not expect* Charles *ſhould be ſo ſullen,*
: *at laſt to exclude* Bavaria *and* Cologne.

Thus you have heard the vaſt Offers the *Frenchmen* have (made,
r theſe Realms, our Allies, and dear *South-Sea Trade:*
ıd *Abel* declares, they're return'd very glad
f the Civil Reception which there they have had.

So, all you that have Stock, and are mad for a Peace,
hink of what has been ſaid, and 'twill give your Hearts eaſe;
nd let all true Churchmen rejoice when they ſee
ow low the *French* creep to the New Min——y.

In Excellent New Song, call'd, Mat's Peace, *or the Downfal of Trade. To the good old Tune of* Green Sleeves.

I.

'HE News from abroad does a Secret reveal,
Which has been confirm'd both at *Dover* and *Deal*,
ıat one Mr. *Matthews*, once called plain *Mat*,
ıs been doing at *Paris*, the Lord knows what.
But ſure what they talk of his Negotiation,
Is only intended to banter the Nation:
For why have we ſpent ſo much Treaſure in vain,
If now at the laſt we muſt give up *Spain*,
If *now we muſt* give up *Spain*?

2. Why

2.

Why ſo many Battles did *Marlborough* win?
So many ſtrong Towns why did he take in?
Why did he his Army to *Germany* lead,
The Crown to preſerve on the Emperor's Head?
Why does he the Honour of *England* advance?
And why has he humbled the Monarch of *France*,
By paſſing the Lines, and taking *Bouchain*?
If now, *&c.*

3.

Our Stocks were high, and our Credit ſo good,
(I mean all the while our late Miniſtry ſtood)
That Foreigners hither their Money did ſend,
And Bankers abroad took a pleaſure to lend.
But though all the Service was duly ſupply'd,
And nought was *embezled* or *miſapply'd*;
By all that wiſe Management what ſhall we gain,
If now, *&c.*

4.

We made this Alliance, as well it is known,
That *Auſtria*'s Great Houſe might recover their own:
King *Charles* is of Part of his Kingdom poſſeſs'd,
And *Bouchain* would quickly fright *France* from the reſt.
For ſure the whole Nation by this time muſt know
The way to *Madrid* is by *Paris* to go.
But why have we made ſuch a glorious Campaign,
If now, *&c.*

5.

All Treaties with *France* may be ſung or be ſaid,
To-morrow they'll break what to-day they have made;
And therefore our Senate did wiſely *addreſs*,
That none ſhould be made whilſt they Spain did poſſeſs.

The Queen too to them did laſt Seſſions declare,
That *Spain* ought to be their *particular* Care:
But Speeches, Addreſſes, and Senates are vain,
If now, *&c.*

6.

By giving up *Spain*, we give up all our Trade:
In vain would they tell us a Treaty is made
For yielding us Forts in the diſtant *South-Seas*,
To manage our Traffick with Safety and Eaſe.
No Lyes are too groſs for ſuch impudent Fellows,
Of Forts in the Moon as well they might tell us;
Since *France* at her pleaſure may take them again,
If now, *&c.*

7.

Some Lords were impeach'd for a famous Partition,
Which kept the Allies in far better Condition;
For then of *Raw Silk* we were only bereft,
But now neither *Silver* nor *Gold* will be left.
If that Treaty then did Impeachment require,
Sure this calls at leaſt for the Rope or the Fire;
Since *Britain* had never ſuch cauſe to complain,
If now, *&c.*

8.

When *Pett'cum* to *Paris* did openly go,
What Doubts and what Jealouſies did we not ſhew?
How loudly did we againſt *Holland* exclaim,
Yet ſurely our Stateſmen are now more to blame:
For how can they think our Allies will not fire
At privately ſending that *Matchiavel P——r*?
Who richly deſerv'd to be *whip'd* for his pain,
If now, *&c.*

9. Since

9.

Since Matters ſtand thus, I am ſorely afraid,
Whenever this ſcandalous Peace ſhall be made,
Our Senate for *Cato* will quickly decree
Some Puniſhment worſe than *a Sting of a Bee.*
Poor *Mat* in the Pillory ſoon will be ſeen;
For *M*———*r* too, Oh! well had it been
That he had been pleas'd in his *Hole* to remain,
If now, *&c.*

The French *King's Lamentation for Miſcarriage of Monſieur* Guiſcard. *ing a new Song, to an Excellent Tune, ſung at the Opera Theat* Covent-Garden.

1.

WHEN *Lewis* the Great
Had heard of the Fate
Of *Guiſcard*, his booted Apoſtle;
Not *Scarron*'s Delight,
His *Maintenon* bright,
Could allay in his Breaſt the fierce Buſtle.

2.

Sure Monarch, he cry'd,
Was never ſo try'd,
And his Schemes ſo well laid all defeated:
For whatever I do,
Still Fortune's my Foe,
And like her caſt Bully I'm treated.

What have I not done
(For the Cauſe is my own)
To reſtore my young Brother Pretender?
Spar'd Labour nor Coſt,
But all have been loſt,
To impoſe on their Faith a Defender.

4.

For theſe nine Years and more,
It has been my chief Lore,
To preach up their Church's great Danger:
Both People and Prieſt
Have been caught with the Jeſt,
And I am'd by dividing to change her.

5.

My Troops of the Gown
With ſome Hopes have gone on;
But alas! all my Strength and my Cunning,
Both by Land and by Sea,
To my ſorrow muſt ſay,
Have ended in Beating or Running.

6.

And now when the laſt
Of my Schemes, and the beſt,
Was ripe, and my Prieſt on his Miſſion;
To have Plot and Knife broke,
At the finiſhing Stroke,
Is the worſt that the Devil could wiſh one.

7.

Ravillac the Bold,
And *Jaques Clement* of old,
Each their *Catholick* Daggers could ſettle

In

In the Heart of a King;
But my Tool muſt begin
Quite wrong, and with Heretick Metal.

8.

And now, as 'tis ſaid,
He in Pickle is laid,
And *Marlborough* again comes for *Arras*:
Should it prove not a Lye,
In what a pickle am I!
For he'll ſtop not a Mile ſhort of *Paris*.

The Truth at laſt. To the Tune of, W no body can deny.

1.

COME all ye brave Boys, and High-Churchmen
I'll tell you a Story 'twill delight ye to hear;
'Tis of Miniſters, Changes, Trade, Peace and War
Which no-body, &c.

2.

Some two Years ago the poor Church, ſick at Hear
Look'd as wan as if ſhe and her Friends were to pa
Till a Pulpit-Phyſician gave a Caſt of his Art.
Which, &c.

3.

My Brethren, ſaid he, I think 'tis no wonder
The Church is in ſuch a ſad Caſe; Blood and Thund
The Whigs are Triumphant, and we are kept under
Which, &c.

4.

Now I do affirm t' ye, theſe Men do deſign
To Un-king the Q——, and keep out the Right Line,
Damn Paſſive Obedience, and our Right Divine.
Which, &c.

5.

Should their damnable Doctrines be once underſtood,
That Princes and Prieſts are but mere Fleſh and Blood,
You'll be apt to obey 'em but juſt while they're good.
Which, &c.

6.

Whereas a good Subject and Chriſtian, ye know,
The more he's abus'd the more loving ſhould grow,
As the Cuff and Cloke-Text moſt fully does ſhow.
Which, &c.

7.

Let us therefore all join with Heart and with Voice,
To cry down theſe Rogues, and cry up a new Choice,
So we ſhall have all the fat Places, brave Boys.
Which, &c.

8.

When the People had heard this Doctrine ſo ſound,
Which the Doctor on Proofs and good Profit did found,
They reſolv'd, one and all, the *Whigs* to confound.
Which, &c.

9.

How this Doctor was baited, and how he got clear,
What Feats he did ſince, and were done elſewhere,
No Mortal, that had Ears, that could, but did hear.
Which, &c.

10. Now

10.

Now as ſoon as the True Sons of the Church got grou
You can't think how much better all things were ſount
For Mother and Sons look'd freſh, briſk, plump and ſoun
Which, &c.

11.

Now to prove our dear Mother is out of her Pain,
To Miracle-working ſhe's taken again,
She never wrought ſuch in the late Whiggiſh Reign.
Which, &c.

12.

You muſt know, with a Debt of ten Millions at leaſt,
They found the poor Nation moſt ſadly oppreſs'd;
And if they could pay 't without Mony, 'twas beſt.
Which, &c.

13.

For this end they gave them a rich *South-Sea* Trade,
And told 'em by that twice as much might be paid;
For who cou'd e'er doubt but 'twas there to be had?
Which, &c.

14.

This coming from One ne'er thought a Deceiver,
Made the Faithful all think the Project was clever;
And ſurely 'tis Payment to every Believer.
Which, &c.

15.

In another Point too we all ſettled have been,
That by Paſſive Obedience and Right Divine,
King *James* was turn'd out, and King *William* brough
Which, &c.

16.

But ſince in true Catholick Paths we have trod,
There's another Poſition of late grown in Mode,
As true as the reſt, tho it ſeem ſomething odd.
Which, &c.

17.

That a certain great Duke, we have reaſon to fear,
Has a deviliſh Deſign to prolong the War,
As by beating our Foes does moſt plainly appear.
Which, &c.

18.

For this very reaſon, Braye *Hill* and *Ar——le*
Have done nothing yet, tho abroad a great while,
Since Projects of Peace all Fighting does ſpoil.
Which, &c.

19.

However, if any more Conqueſts we need,
Each Hero, no doubt, to *Quebec* and *Madrid*,
With equal Diſpatch and Succeſs will proceed.
Which, &c.

20.

But now, God be thank'd, the War's near an end,
If on what Great Ones ſay Little Ones may depend;
For Old *Lewis* himſelf is grown our faſt Friend.
Which, &c.

21.

The razing of *Dunkirk* to us is well meant;
If we can but find an Equivalent,
And his Word, we know, is worth Millions *per Cent.*
Which, &c.

22. For

22.

For whatever Notions ſome People maintain,
King *Charles* and his Allies are Gainers, 'tis plain;
For we give poor *Phil.* nought but th' *Indies* and *Spain*
Which, &c.

23.

May all Quarrels at home and abroad then ceaſe,
May the High-Church flouriſh, and Low-Church decrea
For the Abbot has brought a good Proteſtant Peace.
Which, &c.

24.

May we all wiſh the Queen wou'd enliven our Hearts,
By giving our Friends their proper Deſerts,
We know who'd enjoy Axes, Halters, and Carts.
Which no-body can deny.

The Soldiers Lamentation for the Loſs their General. In a Letter from Recruiters in London, *to their Frie in* Flanders. *To the Tune of,* To y fair Ladies, *&c.*

1.

TO you, dear Brothers, who in vain
Have curb'd the Pride of *France*,
And over *Flanders* fruitful Plain
Made Monſieurs skip and dance;
We ſend the News of Grief and Woe,
You've loſt your Gallant Marlborough.
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

2.

2.

o conquer once again,
ne to raiſe Recruits :
at purpoſe ſerve our Pains,
be all the Fruits ?
rlb'rough muſt no more command,
do better than disband.
fa, la, &c.

3.

s *Lewis* thought by War
rope to enſlave,
'en with indulgent Care
Great *Marlb'rough* gave ;
'gainſt Popiſh Tyranny,
s, Religion, Liberty.
a fa, la, &c.

4.

ng *Nimeguen's* well-wall'd Town
rſt heard War's Alarms ;
e we made the *Frenchmen* own
orce of *Engliſh* Arms.
vn, no Caſtle, could withſtand,
Valiant *Marlb'rough* did command.
a fa, la, &c.

5.

falſe as proud, *Bavaria* grown
riving Treaſon great,
nan Eagles had o'erthrown,
orc'd them to retreat ;
king Empire's Hopes were loſt,
rlb'rough brought his conquering Hoſt.
a fa, la, &c.

6. F

6.

Firſt, *Schellenberg* in Blood embru'd,
His eager Valour try'd;
Where they who Eagles had ſubdu'd,
By Lyons Fury dy'd.
French and *Bavarians* all did yield
In fatal *Blenheim*'s Glorious Field.
With a fa, la, &c.

7.

In *Flanders* then, the Traitor Duke,
By Spite alone made Brave,
A valiant Reſolution took,
And fairly Battel gave:
But Flight once more his Honour ſtains,
In fam'd *Ramilly*'s bloody Plains.
With a fa, la, &c.

8.

Altho Brave *Marlb'rough*'s generous Care
His faithful Soldiers ſpar'd;
Yet all the ſtrongeſt Towns of War
In vain 'gainſt him were barr'd:
In thrice three Days he forc'd *Oſtend*,
Which *Spain* could ſcarce at three Years end.
With a fa, la, &c.

9.

Hereat the Grand Monarch perplex'd,
By Force not like to thrive,
With treacherous *Ghent* and *Bruges* next
A Project did contrive:
But all their great Deſigns were marr'd,
By meeting him at *Oudenarde*.
With a fa, la, &c.

10.

Bruſſels to ſave, both fair and faſt,
From baſe *Bavaria*'s Might,
The guarded *Scheld* was to be paſs'd,
Ev'n in their Army's ſight:
But ſoon the *Frenchmen* all were flown,
When noble *Marlb'rough* led us on.
With a fa, la, &c.

11.

But O! the Wonders which were ſeen
At *Blangies* drench'd in Blood,
Where Men entrench'd up to the Chin,
As in a Caſtle ſtood:
Led on by *Marlborough* the Great,
Even there the *Britons* ſtorm'd and beat.
With a fa, la, &c.

12.

Behind their ſtronger Lines they got
Laſt Year encamp'd again,
But there he paſs'd without a Shoe,
And took the ſtrong *Bouchain*.
So would he beat 'em o'er and o'er,
Could *Villars* ſtand at every Door.
With a fa, la, &c.

13.

Brave Leader, with ſuch vaſt Succeſs
By bounteous Heaven crown'd,
Who can your valiant Acts rehearſe,
Or Praiſes juſtly ſound?
Who ne'er your back turn'd to your Foes,
Nor from a Town untaken roſe.
With a fa, la, &c.

14. But

14.

But who for *Britiſh* Honour will,
Or Safety more take heed,
Since he who goes *French* Blood to ſpill,
Himſelf at home muſt bleed?
Who *Popiſh Lewis* has undone,
By *Jews* and *Turks* is overthrown.
With a fa, la, &c.

15.

Ungrateful *England* ſav'd from Harms
By Heroes moſt renown'd,
Who for their matchleſs Deeds of Arms
Have with Affronts been crown'd.
So far'd it once with great *Naſſau*,
So fares it now with *Marlborough*.
With a fa, la, &c.

16.

Should *Anjou* now his Crown forgo,
We ſtill ſhould Loſers be;
Yea, ſhould he give the *Indies* too,
Still more than that was He:
If neither, then in him we muſt
Have more than twice the *Indies* loſt.
With a fa, la, &c.

17.

No more melodious Hautboys now,
Or warlike Trumpets ſound,
Take off the Wreaths from ev'ry Brow,
Your Arms and Laurels ground:
And you who now lie round *Bouchain*,
Haſte to *Nimeguen* back again.
With a fa, la, &c.

18.

Let *Lewis* give the Peace we crave,
'Tis plain we have been beat;
A greater Blow we could not have,
'Tis high time to retreat:
For ſince we're of our Head bereft,
No hopes but in our Heels are left.
With a fa, la, &c.

19.

And thou, brave *Eugene*, with him join'd
In Conqueſt, and in Love;
Your former Friendſhip bear in mind,
And mourn his ſad Remove.
What tho your Glory's Partner's gone,
Perſiſt to conquer now alone.
With a fa, la, &c.

20.

'Tis true, his Foes have gain'd their Ends,
It cannot be deny'd;
But neither *France*'s Slaves nor Friends
His Name can lay aſide:
True *Engliſh* Hearts will ſtill proclaim
Great *Marlb'rough*'s with great *Eugene*'s Fame.
With a fa, la, &c.

A New Song.

1.

WHENAS Queen *Robin* rul'd this Land,
Both Knave and Queen was he;
The ſureſt Card in *Perkin*'s hand,
And laſt Trick of *Lewi*'.

2.

Nine Groats of theſe ſame Two were won,
E'er *Robin* came in play;
All Nine upon the Hedge he hung,
And trick'd the Game away.

3.

But Laws, and Sayings dark, apart,
I of this Knave do mean,
Some Notices for to impart,
And ſo God ſave the Queen.

4.

A ſour Fanatick was he bred,
And rais'd a Pſalm full high:
(As he begun, O may he end
With that ſame Melody!)

5.

But hence, as Inſects take to wing
All in the Month of *June*;
Within the Moon of *Midſummer*
This Sect'ry chang'd his Tune.

6.

Incontinent, to Mother Church
He made his next advance;
And, as the neareſt way to *Rome*,
He took the Road of *France*.

7.

An Head he had, as Round as Long,
Nor was the World more full;
(O, as That is, ſo may it be
Faſt fix'd upon a Pole!)

8.

All Sciences were crouded there,
Opinions old and new;
Religions of all ſorts at Jar,
The Falſe, and eke the True.

9.

But Quirks and Tricks, high Politicks,
O! there in chief did reign;
Where, without Credit, Funds he rais'd,
And Credit without Coin.

10.

Of War and Peace, of Wealth and Trade,
His Schemes are always new;
And muſt ſucceed, as at *Quebec*,
At home, and in *Peru*.

11.

So great in Metaphyſicks he,
And Numbers ſo profound,
That Church and State he could, at will,
Divide, and eke compound.

12.

A Conjurer he was alſo,
And with his Wand ſo ſmall,
He *London* join'd to *Edinburgh*,
And both unto *Verſailles*.

13.

The Dæmon of our Publick Debts,
That haunted us full ſore;
He conjur'd, far beyond the *Red*,
Unto the *South-Sea* Shore.

14.

At one ſtrong Charm of his, it flew,
Like Leaves before the Wind;
● ! never to return again,
A Reck'ning-place to find.

15.

Three Hundred Men he kept in Pay,
Two Legs apiece they had;
All Paſſive at Command were they,
No Spaniels better bred.

16.

He taught 'em to leap o'er his Wand,
For King, and eke for Queen;
They over came at his Command,
And then about again.

17.

P——rs by the Dozen he could pack,
Againſt our antient Rights;
And, with our Laws, found out the knack
To eaſe us of our Wits.

18.

But, ſoon or late, with thoſe retriev'd,
(For more need not be ſaid)
Queen *Robin* will much higher be,
Or ſhorter by the Head.

Firſt Part.

1.

FAction is ripe,
And Libels are ſtirring,
Scandal is ſpread about every where;
Some too will tell you,
Proteſtant Breeding
Soon will be taught the *Welſh* Chevalier.
Hannover, *Hannover*,
Scorn to ſurrender,
Faſt as you can over,
Baulk the Pretender,
Blaze out in Glory;
Millions are for you,
Which when they're call'd for,
Will all appear.

2.

Lewis, tho bang'd
For ten Years together,
Brags of a Battel he lately has won;
Famous *Eugene*,
For want of his Brother,
Fails to perform what he had begun.
Hannover, &c.

SOON

Second Part.

1.

OUR Laws and our Commerce
Seem to be ſinking ;
France gains Advantages every day :
State-Trickſters cabal,
And daily are thinking
Britain to *Bourbon* how to convey.
Hannover, *Hannover*,
Quickly advance, Sir ;
Defy the Pretender,
And Tyrant of *France*, Sir.
Ruſh forth with Glory,
Arm'd without Fear ;
Legions are for you,
And they'll appear.

2.

Alliances broke,
Our beſt Friends ill treated,
Falſe to the Treaties we've made with the *Dutch* :
Yet, Great Sir, believe
You'll not be defeated,
Tho the Treaſon is form'd by the Snakes of the Ch
Hannover, &c.

3.

There's *Hamet* of old,
By teaching a Pidgeon,
Of Prieſtcraft and Pow'r dy'd greatly poſſeſs'd ;

E'er ſince we deſpiſe
The Cry of Religion;
Politick Piety's always a Jeſt.
Hannover, &c.

A Tale of a Tarr. A New Ballad.

1.

A Tight and Trim Veſſel
As ever ye knew,
Was mann'd Stem and Stern
With a truſty ſtout Crew.

2.

The Captain was held
By his Lads in Eſteem;
And he, honeſt Man,
Was as tender of them.

3.

No fatal Miſtruſtings
Aboard 'em prevail'd;
In Concord they anchor'd,
In Concord they ſail'd.

4.

Till a turbulent Tarr,
As at Yard-Arm need hang,
In Ill-will to the Captain
Dumbfounded the Gang.

5.

Suggeſting from Round-Top,
With Nonſenſe and Anger,
That, beſet by falſe Friends,
The Ship was in danger.

6.

Tho but few days before,
On Deck they'd been told,
The next Tool who ſaid ſo
Should be ſurely Keel-haul'd.

7.

Now the Cauſe ye muſt know
Of all this loud Pudder,
Was to work in ſome Folks
To Poſts at the Rudder:

8.

Who might by that means,
Their whole Aim being for't,
More inſenſibly tack
To the Enemy's Port;

9.

Where lurks a Pretender,
Prepar'd to their hand,
To toſs o'er-board the Captain,
And ſeize the Command.

10.

So that true-hearted Sailors
Should be the more ready,
By a careful Look-out,
To keep matters ſteddy.

11.

is Delinquent o' courſe then
Was brought to the Maſt,
) fix or wipe off
All the Dirt he had caſt.

12.

Where with confident Look,
To ſave his dear Bacon,
He call'd God to witneſs
They all were miſtaken:

13.

That the falſe Friends he meant,
Either fore Ship or aft,
Were the Winds and the Waves;
And then ſaucily laught.

14.

This Jeſuit Banter
Amuſing the Crew,
In the Captain's own face
They with Mutiny flew;

15.

Joining *Tar*'s Health and his,
In their ſcandalous Flip,
And firing Broad-ſides
Around the poor Ship.

16.

Unmerited Grace,
Tho condemn'd, he thus had;
The few Wiſe ſhook their Heads,
More Blockheads huzza'd.

A Choice New Song, call'd, She *and* Robinocracy. *To all ſo Tunes.*

1.

SHE-LAND, the Praiſe of all the Earth,
Surrounded by the Waves,
Has Thriving Land upon the Eaſt,
On South the Land of Slaves.

2.

The Weſt and North has Shelves and Rocks,
And Iſlands near the Shore;
The People rich in Trading Stocks
Of old, but now grown poor.

3.

This Country once had Famous Laws,
And Liberty did boaſt;
But now o'er-run by Cackling Daws,
Their Property is loſt.

4.

Their Government of yore well pois'd,
Secur'd the Folks from Thrall;
But ROBINOCRACY, at laſt,
Spoil'd and confounded all.

5.

'Tis fram'd of knaviſh cunning Tricks,
Hypocriſy and Fraud;
The State loves *Gauliſh* Politicks,
The Church the Schemes of Laud.

6.

Some call it boundleſs *Monarchy*,
But *Gunarchy*'s the Name;
Or rather Lawleſs *Anarchy*,
Of Governments the Shame.

7.

Sometimes a King, ſometimes a Queen,
A Serving-Man, or Maid:
A Pimp or Baud do rule this Land,
Juſt as the Plot is laid.

8.

For *ROBINOCRACY* conſiſts
In getting Pow'r and Gold,
By any Method that one liſts,
Which for the time will hold.

9.

One Day a Saint, the t'other Fiend,
Now true, and then a Knave;
Boiſt'rous ſometimes, at others kind,
But all the Game to ſave.

10.

Camelion-like it takes each Hue,
Puts on all Shapes and Sizes;
Brings every Month a Scheme that's new,
But Conſtancy deſpiſes.

11.

Religion a meer Stalking-Horſe,
Is in this Region made;
'Tis *High*, or *Low*, or *None*, that's worſe,
Juſt as the Prieſts are paid.

12. Thoſe

12.

Thoſe venal Souls, puff'd up with Pride,
Do claim a Power Divine,
The Laymens Backs to mount and ride,
At which none muſt repine.

13.

The Firſts and Tenths are not enough
The Clergy's Paunch to fill;
Two Thirds at leaſt their Bags muſt ſtuff,
Or elſe they take it ill.

14.

The Church in Danger is, they cry,
When Prieſts are not in Power,
The Laymens Souls in Hell to fry,
And Subſtance to devour.

15.

The *Monarchy*'s undone, they ſay,
And *Commonwealth* takes place,
Unleſs the High-Prieſts bear the Sway,
And guide the Royal Race.

16.

Thus *Bob* did teach the Fools to prate,
Till he had gain'd his Ends,
Which were the chief Poſts of the State;
And then he bilk'd his Friends.

17.

They clamour'd loud he was unjuſt,
Swore he betray'd their Cauſe;
And as he ſerv'd the *Blackbirds* firſt,
So now he ſerv'd the *Daws*.

18.

They lov'd to build on Steeples high,
And 'bove the Clouds to ſoar,
Controul'd by none but *York's* Magpy,
Yet ſtill they are plagu'd with more.

19.

The *Eaglet* of a *Roman* Breed
They hop'd for long ago;
But a She-*Vulture* in his ſtead,
Continues all their Woe.

20.

By *ROBINOCRACY*, cry they,
We're ruin'd and undone;
The *Blackbirds* did the Dad betray,
And *Bob* will cheat the Son.

21.

He hugs the Siſter O——rp,
And fumbles her a-bed;
Curſe on the Leachet's *Gunarchy*,
And on his S——S—— Trade.

22.

We laſh'd and damn'd the Rebel Whigs,
Until we pull'd them down;
And now we are chous'd by Tory Prigs,
Our Cauſe who dare not own?

23.

Or rather would the Saddle keep
Since they are got aſtride;
We'll call the *Chevalier* o'er the Deep,
And force the Rogues to hide.

24. O——d

24.

Ox——*d* alone ſhall not bear Rule,
And act the Part of *Noll*;
We'll bait and hunt the Trait'rous Tool
To *M*——*r*'s great Hole.

25.

The Whigs mean time do laugh and ſneer,
As they thoſe Feuds diſcover;
And hope the Clouds at laſt will clear,
In favour of *H*——*ver*.

26.

Then *Jacks* and *Tories* both ſhall run
To *Rome*, or elſe *St. Germain*;
And in *She-Land* we ſhan't have one
Of that baſe ſort of Vermin.

Queen Elizabeth's *Day: or the D*
of the Devil, Pope, and Pre
To the Tune of Bonny Dundee.

1.

LET'S ſing to the Mem'ry of Glorious Queet
Who long did the Hearts of her Subjects poſſ
And whoſe mighty Actions did to us ſecure
Thoſe many great Bleſſing which now endure:
For ſhe then did lay that ſolid Foundation,
On which our Religion is fix'd in this Nation;
For Popery was put into utter Diſgrace,
And Proteſtantiſm ſet up in its place.

But could ſhe haye liv'd as a Looker-on,
Until this good Time, to ſee how ſhe's out-done;
She muſt have acknowledg'd, that nothing ſhe dar'd,
Could be with the preſent great Actions compar'd:
For altho ſhe did reign in Times that were evil,
She neither did ſeize the Pope or the Devil,
Nor ſave the Prieſts or Pretender from Flame,
Nor Right unto any ſuch Images claim.

3.

But now, God be thanked, we know what we do,
Which many wiſe Governments never did know;
For we have diſcover'd a damn'd Whiggiſh Plot,
To burn the Pope, and the Devil knows what,
Beſides the Pretender, and four Jeſuits,
Four Cardinals alſo, and four other Prieſts;
In all, fifteen Images, made up of Straw,
Which are not allow'd by any known Law.

4.

And therefore a Council was call'd, for to know
What in this Conjuncture was fit for to do;
And after a long and a learned Debate,
Orders were given to a Secretary of State,
That he ſhould a Meſſenger at Dead of Night ſend,
With ſome Grenadiers, to ſecure and defend
Theſe dangerous Figures from Fighting and Thrall,
And lodg them in's Office adjoining *Whitehall.*

5.

Where will ſit a Committee t' enquire the Reaſon,
And know if the Pris'ners are guilty of Treaſon;
Who *made the fine* Clothes; and if by any Law
They dared to make ſuch Statues of Straw:

And if they cannot prove themſelves innocent,
Oh then they'll be had before the P———nt ;
And Juſtice will there be impartially had,
Which will make the Nation rejoice and be glad.

The Thankſgiving : A New Prote Ballad, To an excellent Italian T

1.

LET'S ſing to the Miniſtry's Praiſe,
With Hearts moſt thankful and glad,
For the Stateſmen of theſe our Days
Are the wiſeſt that ever we had.

2.

But not to wander too far
In the Maze of their endleſs Merit,
I'll give you an inſtance moſt rare
Of their Vigilance, Wiſdom, and Spirit.

3.

They heard on Queen *Beſs*'s Birth-Day,
The Prentices had an intent
The old Proteſtant Gambol to play,
Which Churchmen, they thought, ſhould prevent.

4.

The Frolick it ſeems was no leſs
Than to carry about in Proceſſion
A Pope in ridiculous Dreſs,
And to burn it by way of Diverſion.

5.

Beſides, theſe turbulent Folk
(Than their Anceſtors much more uncivil)
To their Pageant had added the Joke,
Of a *Perkin*, and eke of a *Devil*.

6.

With Cardinals, Jeſuits, Fryars,
A Cart-load together at leaſt,
Intended to crown the Bonfires;
A very unſeas'nable Jeſt.

7.

For ſure there could be no Senſe,
When a Peace is coming upon us,
T' affront ſuch a powerful Prince
As the *Pope*: why it might have undone us.

8.

Then if the moſt Chriſtian King
Should have taken it ill at our hand,
Such a very unmannerly thing
Might have put the Peace to a ſtand.

9.

The *Jacobites* next, to be ſure,
Would have ris'n to defend their Maſter;
And who could have told where a Cure
Could be found for ſuch a Diſaſter?

10.

Beſides, it would bear a Doubt,
Whether burning the Pope and the Devil,
Might not be deſign'd to flout
At High-Church and Dr. *Sacheverell*.

11. Further

11.

Furthermore, in theſe Days of Sin,
'Twas fear'd by Folks that were hearty,
A numerous Mob might have been
Ev'n rais'd for the Devil and's Party.

12.

'Twas therefore expedient found
To ſend the Foot-Guards on the Scout,
To ſearch all the Suburbs round,
And find the bold Pageant out.

13.

They took it, and as it was fit,
A Magiſtrate Wiſe and Great
The Criminals ſtraight did commit,
That the Law might determine their Fate.

14.

Then for Fear of a Reſcue by Night,
At which we ſhould all have been troubled,
'Twas order'd (and ſure that was right)
That the Guards ſhould be every where doubled.

15.

Beſides, that no harm might come nigh us,
The *Bands* ſo well *Train'd* were drawn out;
And as long as thoſe Heroes ſtand by us,
The Devil himſelf we may rout.

16.

What tho ſome People did ſneer,
And call 'em the *Pope's Life-Guard*;
They ſtood to their Arms and their Beer
All Night, and kept Watch and Ward.

17.

O God ſave our Gracious Queen,
And her Miniſters every one;
And he that don't ſay *Amen*,
Is a Churl, and may let it alone.

18.

The *Hannover* Houſe God preſerve,
And blaſt the *Pretender's* Hope;
The *Proteſtant Cauſe* let's ſerve,
And give to the *Devil* the *Pope*.

The South-Sea Whim. *To the Tune of*, To you, fair Ladies, now at Land, *&c.*

1.

TO you, fair Traders, now aſhore,
We *South-Sea Cullies* write,
Your kind Compaſſion to implore,
This Ditty we indite:
Pity your Brethren on the Main,
Compell'd to change our Courſe in vain.
With a fa, la, &c.

2.

We are a wretched motly Crew,
More various than the Weather,
Made up of Debtors old and new,
Jumbled and tack'd together;
Tars, Soldiers, Merchants, Tranſports, Tallies,
Chain'd in a row like Slaves in Gallies.
With a fa, la, &c.

3. We

3.

We furniſh'd Beer, we Guns and Balls,
We Ships or Mony lent,
With *Hemp* enough to ſerve them all;
O may it ſo be ſpent!
And ſince his Payments are ſo few,
Give *Cæſar* what is *Cæſar*'s Due.
With a fa, la, &c.

4.

To fetch the Navy Pitch and Tar,
We paſs'd the ſtormy *Sound:*
But now our Debt's poſtpon'd ſo far,
We muſt take t'other Round;
And e'er we have our own again,
Muſt ſhoot the Straits of *Magellan.*
With a fa, la, &c.

5.

And we poor Graſiers of the Plain,
Who ſerv'd them Pork and Beef,
Muſt take hard Words inſtead of Gain,
And Charters for Relief;
For ſound good Meat without a Hogo,
They give us Bills on *Terr' del Fengo.*
With a fa, la, &c.

6.

We honeſt Tars, that oft come home
Without an Arm or Leg,
Muſt hope no more for Trulls or Rum,
But be content to beg:
Our Wages ſtopt without Account,
The Crew is all turn'd o'er to B——t.
With a fa, la, &c.

7.

Two ſcurvy Letters, *R* and *Q*,
Did long the Sea infeſt;
Made ſome diſpute, and prove their Due,
But ſtill they paid the reſt:
This ſweeping Torrent none can ſtem,
We're run aground on *O* and *M*.
With a fa, la, &c.

8.

But come, my Lads, together ſtand,
Let's ſuffer this no more:
Shall we that on the Seas command,
Be bully'd thus on ſhore?
No, no, my Boys, pull th' Helm a-Lee,
And heave the Rogues into the Sea.
With a fa, la, &c.

On the Jewel in the Tower.

1.

IF what the *Tower* of *London* holds,
Is valu'd for more than its Power;
Then counting what it now unfolds,
How wondrous rich is this fame *Tower*?

2.

I think not of the Armory,
Nor of the Guns and Lions Roar,
Nor yet the valu'd Library;
I mean the Jewel in the *Tower*.

3. This

3.

This Jewel late adorn'd the Court,
With Excellence unſeen before;
But now being blown upon in ſport,
This Jewel's Caſe is now the *Tower*.

4.

State-Lapidaries there have been,
To weigh, and prove, and look it o'er;
The very Faſhion's worth being ſeen,
Th' Intrinſick more than is the *Tower*.

5.

'Tis not St. *George*'s Diamond,
Nor any of his Partner's Store;
It never yet to ſuch belong'd,
Which ſent this Jewel to the *Tower*.

6.

With thouſand Methods they did try it,
Whoſe Firmneſs ſtrengthen'd ev'ry Hour;
They were not able all to buy it,
And ſo they ſent it to the *Tower*.

7.

They would have prov'd it counterfeit,
That it was right 'twas truly ſwore;
But Oaths, nor Words, could nothing get,
And ſo they ſent it to the *Tower*.

8.

Its brilliant Brightneſs none can doubt,
By *Marlb'rough* it was ſometimes wore:
They turn'd the mighty Maſter out,
Who turn'd this Jewel into the *Tower*.

9.

These are the Marks upon it found,
King *William*'s Creſt it bears before,
And Liberty's engraven round,
Tho now confin'd within the *Tower*.

10.

Not *France* in it an Intereſt has,
Nor *Spain* with all its Golden Ore;
For to the Queen and High Allies,
Belongs this Jewel in the *Tower*.

11.

The Owners modeſtly reſerv'd
It in a decent *Norfolk* Bower,
And ſcarce yet think it has deſerv'd
The *Ceſar*'s Honour of the *Tower*.

12.

The Day ſhall come to make amends,
This Jewel ſhall with Pride be wore;
And o'er his Foes, and with his Friends,
Shine glorious bright out of the *Tower*.

A Welcome to the Medal: or an Excellent New Song, call'd, The Conſtitution Reſtor'd, *in* 1711. *To the Tune of* Mortimer's Hole.

1.

LET's joy in the Medal with *James* the Third's Face,
And the *Advocates* that pleaded for him;
Tho the Nation renounces the whole Popiſh Race,
Great *Lewis* of *France* will reſtore him.
La, la, &c.

2.

Health to the new Col'nels and Captains ſo pretty,
With *Silk* and the reſt of the Train, Sir;
Who play'd thro the City, the High-Church-Mens Ditty,
The King ſhall his own have again, Sir.
La, la, &c.

3.

What tho we did ſwear to the Proteſtant Heir,
And roundly abjur'd the Pretender;
Our Oaths muſt give place to the *True Royal Race,*
Or our *High Faith* will want a *Defender.*
La, la, &c.

4.

Who would not rejoice at a *Turn of the State,*
Which reſcu'd our *Old Conſtitution?*
From that happy Period we joyfully date
The Fall of the *Curs'd Revolution.*
La, la, &c.

5.

To begin with *Reſiſtance*, *Sacheverell* did ſay,
'Tis the Doctrine of Devils and Hell, Sir;
But *Paſſive Obedience* does now bear the Sway,
As the Wiſe *Iriſh* Biſhops can tell, Sir.
La, la, &c.

6.

Hereditary Right, which ſav'd *James* the Juſt
From the damnable Bill of Excluſion,
Will bring in his Son, as High-Churchmen do truſt,
To the *Hannover* Houſe's Confuſion.
La, la, &c.

7.

And to ſhew that the *Jacobite* Intereſt riſes,
To High-Churchmens great Conſolation,
The Pretender's Medals do bear double Prizes,
And his Friends are in high Reputation.
La, la, &c.

8.

While thus our brave Prieſthood, with vigilant Care,
Our Factions and Ferments do nouriſh;
Old *Lewis* is ſure to ſucceed in the War,
And his Grandſon's Scepter muſt flouriſh.
La, la, &c.

9.

The *Dutch* ſhall be ruin'd, the Whigs ſhall be damn'd,
And *Auſtria*'s Houſe be confounded;
The *Gaul* ſhall rejoice, while our Allies are ſhamm'd,
And our Quarrels with *France* are compounded.
La, la, &c.

10. Now

10.

Now *Pr——r* and *M——re*, with Piſtoles in great ſt
From *France* are arrived at *Dover*;
And *Abel* may roar, till his Lungs are quite ſore,
That there can be no need of *Hannover*.
La, la, &c.

11.

Great Treaties like ours, muſt infallibly bear,
Since the Perſons employ'd are ſo *Able*;
Tho one was a *Drawer*, and t'other, ſome ſwear,
Was the politick *Groom of a Stable*.
La, la, &c.

12.

Yet they're guided by one, who is very well known,
And a thorow-pac'd Stateſman is reckon'd;
In the *Radnor* Addreſs the Whigs he knock'd down,
With the 12*th of King* Charles *the Second*.
La, la, &c.

13.

Thus bravely he fights their leud Bill of Rights,
And baffles their damn'd Revolution;
By Statutes repeal'd, Non-Reſiſtance he heal'd,
And to High-Church he gave Abſolution.
La, la, &c.

14.

Wide open to all a Subſcription-Book ſtands,
With ſome Advocates at *Edinborough*;
Where *Perkin's* true Friends do ſet to their Hands,
If he'll come, they'll receive him to-morrow.
La, la, &c.

15.

Good Mr. *Dundaſs* has giv'n him a Paſs,
The Kingdom of *Scotland* to enter;
And the Dutcheſs of *Gordon*, that brave Popiſh Laſs,
Does ſwear by the Maſs he may venture.
La, la, &c.

16.

By ſuch great Examples all People will find,
That the *Jacobites* are in no peril
For the Prince at *St. Germains*, to ſpeak out their Mind,
Or to drink a full Bumper to *Sorrel*.
La, la, &c.

17.

Thus *Leſley* and *Hickes*, with their politick Tricks,
Have gain'd on the Senſe of the Nation;
The Diſſenters are troubled, to find themſelves bubbled,
For *Indulgence* is no *Toleration*.
La, la, &c.

18.

Their Barns are burnt down, and their Teachers are damn'd
For preaching in Tubs without Orders;
The ſilly Low-Church will be left in the lurch,
And the *Scotch* Kirk drove out of our Borders.
La, la, &c.

19.

Let Schiſmaticks pine, let Republicans whine,
And henceforth abandon theſe Nations;
While Tories rejoice, and cry with one Voice,
Obedience without Limitations.
La, la, &c.

30. Le

20.

Let our Trade go to wreck, and all our Stocks ſink,
While our High-Church rides ſafe from all Danger;
Since Land's above Mony, we have reaſon to think
The Q———'s Brother will conquer the Stranger.
La, la, &c.

21.

Let the Whigs that love Trade, the *South-Seas* invade,
And there we will give 'em *Debentures*
For the Mony they've lent, till the whole Sum be ſpent,
And a Spunge wipe out all their Adventures.
La, la, &c.

22.

They ſhall have for Director their *German* Elector,
Who certainly will not play booty;
He's too much in the Stock, the Project to ſhock,
Good Princeſs *Sophia* adieu t' ye.
La, la, &c.

A Song for King William's *Birthday. To the Tune of* Lillibullero.

1.

LET's ſing the Brave Hero, whom Heav'n did ordain
To quell wicked Tyrants, and Nations ſet free;
Who humbled proud *Lewis*, and cut thro the Chain
That he made for People of ev'ry degree.
Hero, Hero, ſing the Brave Hero,
William *the Glorious*, *the Gallant* Naſſau;
The Hero who ſav'd us, when James had enſlav'd us,
The Hero who ſav'd our Religion and Law.

2. Ere

2.

French Lewis did league with Popiſh King *James*,
The Proteſtants all o'er the World to deſtroy;
The *Tyber* did threaten to ſwallow the *Thames*,
That Papiſts our Poſts and Eſtates might enjoy.
Hero, Hero, &c.

3.

King *James* did us threaten with his *Iriſh* Hoſt,
And Papiſts on Church, State, and Armies obtrude;
The Jeſuits, and *Rome*'s other Leaches, did boaſt
That they ſhould be glutted with Heretick Blood.
Hero, Hero, &c.

4.

King *James* ſent our Proteſtant Biſhops to *Tower*,
And all our good Clergy had *Smithfield* in view;
Great Swarms of *Rome*'s Locuſts did hope to devour
Thoſe who to Religion prov'd ſtedfaſt and true.
Hero, Hero, &c.

5.

King *James*, for advancing his Catholick Cauſe,
Our Colleges, Benches, and Pulpits, did fill
With Papiſts, that ſo our Religion and Laws
Might both be new-model'd, and turn'd to his Will.
Hero, Hero, &c.

6.

King *James* ſeiz'd our Charters, and garbled our Towns,
That he might have Parliaments at his command;
Our Lords and our Gentry, by Bribes or by Frowns,
He would have perſuaded for Popery to ſtand.
Hero, Hero, &c.

7.

James, Cut-throats made Judges, and Juries did pack,
That he might diſpoſe of Eſtates and of Lives;
And that all might be ready the Nation to wreck,
His Prieſts were to ſtallion our Daughters and Wives.
Hero, *Hero*, &c.

8.

By Whippings and Tortures, exorbitant Fines,
Knives, Axes, and Halters, and wreſting of Law;
James murder'd our Laymen, and laſh'd our Divines,
And ſwore he would keep us for ever in awe.
Hero, *Hero*, &c.

9.

The Nation no longer the Tyrant could bear,
But bravely reſolv'd for Great *Orange* to call;
Even thoſe who to Paſſive Obedience did ſwear,
Sent for him to reſcue the Kingdom from Thrall.
Hero, *Hero*, &c.

10.

The Tyrant alarm'd, like a Coward did quake,
As ſoon as he heard that brave *William* would come;
He cring'd and he flatter'd, he own'd his Miſtake,
And promis'd our Rights to reſtore all and ſome.
Hero, *Hero*, &c.

11.

But *James*, when inform'd that a Tempeſt diſpers'd
Part of the *Dutch* Fleet, he did alter his Mind;
His Promiſes, old and new, were revers'd,
For Oaths made to Hereticks never can bind.
Hero, *Hero*, &c.

12.

The Gallant *Naſſau*, when the Wind turn'd about,
Purſu'd his Deſign, and in *Britain* did land;
When *James* march'd againſt him with his Popiſh Rout,
And at *Salisbury*-Plain he did threaten a Stand.
Hero, *Hero*, &c.

13.

Our Proteſtant Troops and Commanders then ſaw,
That *James* at the Nation's Deſtruction did aim;
Abandon'd by Daughters, and both Sons-in-Law,
To ſtand by him longer they thought it a Shame.
Hero, *Hero*, &c.

14.

The Tyrant's Heart ak'd, and his Noſe it did bleed,
So *James* thought it proper his Flight to begin;
Then back he did gallop with Horſe at full Speed,
And ſoon was pull'd down from the Throne for his Sin.
Hero, *Hero*, &c.

15.

Thus *Orange*, like *Cæſar*, came, ſaw, and did conquer;
His Foes were diſpers'd like a Miſt by the Wind:
And *James* went to *France* with his Warming-Pan Younker,
O that he had left ne'er a Tory behind!
Hero, *Hero*, &c.

16.

Let's ſing the brave Prince who *Great Britain* did ſave,
And reſcu'd her Darling, the Glorious Queen *Anne*;
Whom Papiſts and Tories would ſend to her Grave,
And adopt *Dada*'s Brat from the *French* Warming-Pan.
Hero, *Hero*, &c.

17. Let's

17.

Let's ſound *William*'s Fame, and his Mem'ry advance
In Songs of high Triumph, again and again:
The Hero who lower'd the Ambition of *France*,
And neither allow'd her the *Indies* nor *Spain*.
Hero, *Hero*, &c.

18.

May *Hannover* proſper, whom Great *William* choſe
To finiſh what he and Brave *Anne* had begun;
As we drove out King *James*, ſpite of *Lewis*'s Noſe,
Let's keep the true Daughter, and hang the falſe Son.
Hero, *Hero*, &c.

19.

For the Youngſter, to prove himſelf of the Right Line,
King *James*, in whatever was bad, will exceed;
And then is is eaſy for us to divine,
Hannover's Protection we ſadly ſhall need.
Hero, *Hero*, &c.

20.

Then curs'd be thoſe Prieſts, and thoſe Laymen to boot,
That with this Succeſſion ſo gladly would part;
May our Laws them purſue, and cut off Branch and Root,
While *Hannover*'s neareſt her Majeſty's Heart.
Hero, *Hero*, *ſing the Brave Hero*,
William *the Glorious the Gallant* Naſſau;
Who that he might ſave us from thoſe who'd enſlave us
Hannover's *Succeſſion eſtabliſh'd by Law.*

The Royal Health. To the Tune of, An Joy to Great *Cæſar.*

HERE's a Health to Queen *Anne*, Sir;
May ſhe long live and reign, Sir;
May no Foes e'er offend her,
French Jacks, or *Pretender*.
Next, to *Hannover*'s Glory,
Let us ſhun e'ery Tory:
And our loud Acclamation
Reſound thro the Nation.

May *Perkin* ne'er be King;
May Rogues, who'd bring him in,
In Halters meet their Fate.
May Pimps and Bauds of State,
And Imps of *France* and *Rome*,
Meet with deſerved Doom.

May *Naſſau*'s Glory ſpread,
And *Marlborough* the Dread
Of Tyrant *Lewis*, home
With double Honour come;
And rout the juggling Crew,
That would us all undo:
And *Britons* ſave their State
From its impending Fate.

Long live Queen Anne, Sir,

An

An Excellent New Song. To the Me rable Tune of Lillibullero.

1.

OH! Brother *Tom*, do'ſt know the Intent,
Lillibullero Bullen a la,
Why they prorogue the Parliament?
Lillibullero Bullen a la:
Lero, Lero, &c.

2.

I think it is plain to be underſtood,
Lillibullero, &c.
That by that ſame they mean us no good:
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, Lero, &c.

3.

For what can they mean who do not take care,
Lillibullero, &c.
In time Preparations to make for the War?
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, Lero, &c.

4.

And how without Mony can we in the Spring,
Lillibullero, &c.
Get early to *Flanders*, and drub the *French* King?
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, Lero, &c.

5.

Then is it not pity, when *Marlbro* ſo far is,
Lillibullero, &c.

To ſtop his Career, and not let him take *Paris?*
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, Lero, &c.

6.

Now all theſe Delays come not from Town-takers,
Lillibullero, &c.
But Oh! what is worſe, they come from Peace-makers.
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, Lero, &c.

7.

If *Spain* and the *Indies* they yield unto *France*.
Lillibullero, &c.
Then we may go whiſtle, and eke alſo dance.
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, Lero, &c.

8.

And then poor Old *England* muſt loſe all her Trade,
Lillibullero, &c.
Whene'er ſuch a ſcandalous Peace ſhall be made.
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, Lero, &c.

9.

Oh lack and a day! I am ready to cry,
Lillibullero, &c.
To think how it ſavours of Popery.
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, Lero, &c.

10.

'Tis not come to that already, I hope,
Lillibullero, &c.
Tho we might not burn the Pretender and Pope.
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, Lero, &c.

11.

Therefore let it be our particular Care,
Lillibullero, &c.
For *Spain* and the *Indies* to keep on the War.
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, *Lero*, &c.

12.

Which if we do roundly, I cannot but think,
Lillibullero, &c.
John Marlbro at laſt will make *Lewis* ſtink.
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, *Lero*, &c.

13.

So God bleſs the Queen, and the Houſe of *Hannover*
Lillibullero, &c.
And never may Pope or Pretender come over.
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, *Lero*, &c.

Plot upon Plot. To the Tune of, Boys up go we.

1.

OH wicked Whigs! what can you mean?
When will your Plotting ceaſe
Againſt our moſt Renowned *Queen*,
Her Miniſtry, and Peace?
Your *Proteſtant Succeſſion's* ſafe,
As our Great Men agree;
Bourbon has *Spain*, the Tories laugh;
Then *Hey* Boys up go we!

2.

Some of your *Machi'villian* Crew,
From heavy Roof of *Paul*,
Moſt trait'rouſly ſtole ev'ry Skrew,
To make that Fabrick fall:
And ſo to catch her Majeſty,
And all her Friends beguile;
As Birds are trapt, by Boys moſt fly,
In Pit-fall with a Tile.

3.

You for your Bonfires *Mawkins* dreſs'd
On Good Queen *Beſs's* Day,
Whereby much Treaſon was expreſs'd,
As all true Churchmen ſay,
Againſt the *Devil* and the *Pope*,
The *French* our new Ally,
And *Perkin* too, that Youth of Hope,
On whom we all rely.

4.

You ſent your *Mohocks* next abroad,
With Razors arm'd and Knives;
Who on Night-walkers made inroad,
And ſcar'd our Maids and Wives:
They ſcour'd the Watch, and Windows broke,
But 'twas their true Intent,
(As our wiſe Miniſtry did ſmoke)
T' o'erturn the Government.

5.

But now your laſt and blackeſt Deed,
What Mortal can rehearſe?
The Thought of't makes my Heart to bleed;
Oh Muſe, aſſiſt my Verſe!

A Plot it was ſo deeply laid,
So Diabolical,
Had not the Secret been betray'd,
In *one* 't had ſlain us all.

6.

Two * *Inkhorn-tops* you Whigs did fill
With Gunpouder and Lead;
Which, with two Serpents made of Quill,
You in a Bandbox laid:
A Tinder-Box there was beſide,
Which had a Trigger to't,
To which the very String was ty'd
That was deſign'd to do't.

7.

As Traitors ſpare nor Care nor Coſt,
Theſe Crackers dire were ſent
To th' Treaſurer, *per* Penny-Poſt,
And ſafely ſo they went:
And if my Lord had pull'd the Thred,
Then up had blown the Train,
And th' *Inkhorns* muſt have ſhot him dead,
Or elſe have burſt in twain.

8.

But Fortune ſpar'd that precious Life,
And ſo ſav'd *Church* and *Queen*:
Good *Swift* was by, and had a Knife
For *Corn* or *Pen* made keen;
Stand off, my Lord! cry'd he, this Thred
To cut I will not doubt.
He cut, then ope'd the Bandbox Lid,
And ſo the Plot came out.

* See *Abel*'s Evening Poſt on this matter.

II.

Now God preſerve our Gracious Queen;
And for this Glorious Deed,
May ſhe the Doctor make a Dean
With all convenient Speed:
What tho the *Tub* hath *hinder'd* him,
As common Story tells,
Yet ſurely now the *Bandbox*-Whim
Will help him down to *Wells*.

The Merchant A-la-mode. *To the Tune of* Which no body can deny.

I.

ATtend and prepare for a Cargo from *Dover*, [Lover,
Wine, Silk, Turnips, Onions, with the Peace are come
Duke *d'A——t* has brought (make room for a Rover:)
Which no body can deny, deny; which no body can deny.

2.

A ſwagg'ring Crew rode on horſe-back before him,
He threw out his Caſh, that the Mob might adore him;
So Tag-rag and Bob-tail made up the Decorum.
Which, &c.

3.

Our Gr——t Men they bought with Penſions and Tattles,
Our Gen——ls they had hir'd to fight no more Battles,
And the Rabble they wheedle with Shillings and Rattles.
Which, &c.

4.

The Train is made up with the Scum of *St. Ger*
Prieſts, Porters, and Fidlers, Pimps, Lacquays and
Who are all the great Whore of *Babylon*'s Vermin
Which, &c.

5.

His Houſe is a Chappel, where the Jeſuits range
'Tis a Court for our Stateſmen; and yet, which i
'Tis a Tavern, a Ware-houſe, a Garden, a Chang
Which, &c,

6.

The Q——— had a Preſent, we know very wel
But we muſt to Market, as all Folks can tell;
For they that can buy, they alſo can ſell.
Which, &c.

7.

Here Laymen may prate, and Clergymen fuddle
The Houſe can provide both Tobacco and Bottle
They've a Seat for your Bum, and a Pipe for yo
Which, &c.

8.

But theſe Parcels of Wine that go by retail
Come unluckily over, to hinder the Sale
Of his Brother D. *H*——*n*'s Barrels of Ale.
Which, &c.

9.

Here's a number of fuperfine Onions, which ſh
That the Merchant who ſells them his ground to
His Trade lay with ſome that are bed by the Hea
Which, &c.

10.

n out came the Silks, and the musty Brocades,
t the Liv'ry of *France* may be laid on the Maids;
ood Preparation for *Wild-Irish* Plads.
hich, &c.

11.

it a Jumble of Sounds do we hear all together,
ı Trumpets and Fiddles, to the Clangs of a Cleaver,
ounded with Groans of a *Spittle-Field* Weaver.
hich, &c.

12.

aise up a Mass house they're making great haste;
hen all this Raree-Show Musick is past,
England must pay the Piper at last.
hich, &c.

13.

: pity 'tis now that *Gregg* was truss'd up;
ıe liv'd to this time, there was reason to hope
ad come in for a Ribbon, instead of a Rope.
ich, &c.

14.

Duke that he wrote to, wou'd have given him fair [Quarter,
o wou'd the E——l for whom he was Martyr;
e got the Halter, and *R*——*n* the Garter.
ich, &c.

15.

wis, at last, thou hast play'd thy best Card,
Heroes aside, and Tricksters reward;
haste got by *d' A*——*t* what thou lost by *Tallard*.
ich, &c.

16.

Remove all the Wars to *Verſailles* and to *Marli*,
'Tis Fighting more ſurely, tho ſomewhat unfairly;
What a *Churchil* has won, is reſtor'd by a *H*———*y*.
Which, &c.

17.

May the great Hand of Juſtice now brandiſh it ſelf
On 'em all in a lump, from that double-tipp'd Elf
To the fag-end of Peerage, the laſt of the Twelve.
Which, &c.

18.

Haſte, *Hannover*, over, and reſcue our Laws
From a Raſcally Medley of Cowards and Daws,
Whores, Cuckolds, and Fools, Bawds, Bullies and Beaus.
Which, &c.

The Raree-Show.

1.

HERE be de var Pretty Show juſt come from *Parie*,
Me ſhow you, Shentlemans, to make you merry!
O rare Show, O var pretty Show, who ſee my fine dainty Show?

2.

Here be de great Spring dat dance the Machine,
On which the Lo-dores be moſt plainly ſeen.
O rare Show, &c.

3.

Here firſt me preſent you with a diſmal Diſaſter,
De Sarvant be hanged for ſaving his Maſter.
O rare Show, &c.

Here be de Great *Marlbro*, who all the World knows,
Was baniſh'd for ſaucily beating his Foes.
O rare Show, &c.

5.

Here be de Great *Or*——*d*, made Gen——l in ſeaſon,
Prohibited Fighting, to bring *France* to Reaſon.
O rare Show, &c.

6.

Here *B*——*tt*——*n*, with Sacred Regard to Alliance,
Breaks Treaties, to ſtrengthen de Bond of Affiance.
O rare Show, &c.

7.

Here be de var fine Politicians diſpatched
To *Paris*, to treat of a P——ce da dar hatched.
O rare Show, &c.

8.

Here be de Congraſe all Utrick var noting is brouded,
De Plenipo's meet to do vat is concluded.
O rare Show, &c.

9.

Here be denodar more Pretty Tranſaction,
To give *Lewis* all, gives Allies Satisfaction.
O rare Show, &c.

10.

Here be de Politique Harliquine, mind him,
You never ſhall twice in the ſame Poſture find him.
O rare Show, &c.

11.

Here be de Addreſſers to de Trone of *Great B*——*n*,
Say Here-da-tory Right will make Hannover ſit on.
O rare Show, &c.

12. Here

12.

Here be de good Prodestante dat loves no Priest Jerkin,
To save his Religion looks to *Lewis* or *Perkin*.
O rare Show, &c.

13.

Here be de wise Politicians that fed it,
Dat sinking of Debts was restoring of Credit.
O rare Show, &c.

14.

Here to preserve de Constitution of *B——n*,
A whole dozen of Lords was made at one flurin.
O rare Show, &c.

15.

Here be de Cabal of Whigs dat are brought on,
A hatching a Plot dat no Soul ever thought on.
O rare Show, &c.

16.

Here be de Fifty Pounds for one of *Paul's* Shrews,
Which had da been all gone, had ne'er hurt de Paws.
O rare Show, &c.

17.

Here be de Five Hundred Pounds for taking *Mas Carne*,
This must be anodar Plot, de Rewards bid so hearty.
O rare Show, &c.

18.

Here be de Bandbox and Inkhorns, since de good Man [viv'd
Dis not wort one Brass Pardin to know who contriv'd it.
O rare Show, &c.

19.

Here be de Duc of *A——n*'s whole Cellar of Claret
Burnt by de Plot laid as high as de Garret.
O rare Show, &c.

&c.

20.

Here be de Five Hundred Pounds for de Letter dat told it,
Tho his Straw Garrments can most likely unfold it.

O rare Show, &c.

21.

Here be de *Skelton* do no more dan his Licence intended,
By Advertisements and Swearing is nobly defended.

O rare Show, &c.

22.

Here be also de good Folk dat on no Plot did tink,
Until *Skelton* and *Lewis* thus stir'd up a stink.

O rare Show, &c.

23.

Now give a Laarjon, and when me have got 'em,
Me show you the Shevaler *de St. George* at de bottom.

O rare Show, O var Pretty Show, who see my fine dainty Show?

Dare is all, Shentlemans; what say you now?
Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

Shentlemans I tank you: God bless you all, from de Pope, de Devil, and de Pretender, and all de great Rogues in Engaland.

The Pedlar. To the Tune of, The Abbo of *Canterbury.*

1.

YE Lads, and ye Laſſes, that live in *Great Britain,*
I'll tell you a Story that never was writ on:
'Tis of a *French* Pedlar, a Pedlar I ſing,
Sent over to bubble us by the *French* King.
Derry Down, Down, Down, hey Derry Down.

2.

His Errand, I trow, is to do a ſmall Job,
To make a fine Figure to dazle the Mob:
But this let me tell him, if once his Coin fail,
They'll curſe him and his Maſter for one Pot of Ale.
Derry Down, &c.

3.

Give ear then awhile, to a Liſt of his Ware,
Which, like a true Tradeſman, he'll ſell you full dear;
For by fatal Experience we may have been taught,
That the *French* part with nothing but what's dearly bought.
Derry Down, &c.

4.

Then firſt, he has dainty choice *Burgundy* Wine;
Next, Store of rich Garments to make you look fine:
Thus they firſt make us drunk, then our Pockets they pick
Ye confounded *French* Dogs, have you got that Whore Trick!
Derry Down, &c.

5. Fin

5.

: Caſes for Tooth-Picks his Highneſs brought over,
curious wrought Tweezers juſt landed at *Dover*:
n Snuff-Boxes lined with the Chevalier's Face,
t all his true Vaſſals may know his good Grace.
Derry Down, &c.

6.

what Tranſports of Joy in our Eyes wou'd appear,
! could we but ſee the Original here!
at crouding, what running, what riding from far!
nean, were his Head fix'd upon *Temple-Bar*.
Derry Down, &c.

7.

xt, there's delicate Swords, all inlaid with Gold,
: 'tis only Handles, as I have been told;
: *Marlborough* taught 'em in nine diſmal Years,
at true *Engliſh* Blades were far better than theirs.
Derry Down, &c.

8.

en come my brave *Britons*, be merry and wiſe,
d ſince we can beat 'em, their Offers deſpiſe;
r ſhou'd you not now theſe Baubles refuſe,
xt Year they will offer you their wooden Shoes.
Derry Down, &c.

9.

Liberty, Liberty, thou art too dear,
r *Britons* to part with thro Folly or Fear!
en make not your Conſcience a ſpecious Pretence
) part with that Jewel, which is its Defence.
Derry Down, &c.

10.

But fill up a Bumper to glorious Queen *Anne*,
And he that won't pledg it, is no honeſt Man:
Then fill up one more to the *Hannover* Line,
And a fig for the Popiſh Pretender's Deſign.
Derry Down, &c.

A New Ballad, to the Old Tune of, Which no body can deny, *&c.*

1.

THO Wit in a Ballad ſhould bite like a Tooth,
Or elſe 'twill ſcarce pleaſe our fantaſtical Youth;
Yet here ſhall be nothing but *Dunſtable* Truth.
Which no body can deny, &c.

2.

Without further Preface, pray let me unfold
A Truth my dear Countrymen all ſhou'd be told;
That like Sheep in a Pen, they're bought and they're ſold.
Which, &c.

3.

To make out this matter as clear as the Sun,
'Tis needleſs about many Buſhes to run;
Good People pray look upon what has been done.
Which, &c.

4.

Friends ſet at defiance, Alliances broke,
With ten Years Succeſſes deſtroy'd at a ſtroke;
Our Bleſſings we ſcorn, and our God we provoke.
Which, &c.

5.

5.

Who but Madmen propoſe Church and State to advance,
By joining in Meaſures with *Lewis* of *France*,
Who has broke many Oaths beſides that of *Nantz*?
Which, &c.

6.

We mean though this Monſter fain wou'd us devour,
Till ſome happy Miracle, ſome Critical Hour,
Has made us in love with exorbitant Power.
Which, &c.

7.

To render him quite of his Grand Scheme bereft,
We leave *France* in his Right Hand, and *Spain* in his Left;
Were ever two Nations ſo cleverly cleft?
Which, &c.

8.

Then into the Bargain the *Indies* were hurl'd,
So that e'er ſeven times round the Sun we are twirl'd,
'Tis odds but he rivets Gold Chains on the World.
Which, &c.

9.

The Ballance of Power muſt needs be kept ſtreight,
And therefore on one ſide we cram all the Weight;
For which we may thank a ſhort Neck, tho long Fate.
Which, &c.

10.

Since renouncing the Charm on which we all doat,
The Security's ſuch, by theſe Preſents all know't,
No Banker upon it would lend you a Groat.
Which, &c.

11.

Ne'er fear the Pretender's uſurping our Throne,
His old Friend will adviſe him to let that alone;
He may like it himſelf, and ſo make it his own.
Which, &c.

12.

Let the Doctor, on whom Fools thought Wiſe Men too rough,
Ungag, and preach on his nonſenſical ſtuff;
His Hanging can ne'er make Attonement enough.
Which, &c.

13.

The *Alamode Merchant* will do a fine Job,
When, by ſprinkling a few looſe Corns from his Fob,
He brings *Popery* in by a *Proteſtant Mob*.
Which, &c.

14.

No longer, ye Sots, for the Church be afraid,
That clamorous Sham may with Safety be laid,
Since *France* has call'd *Mahomet* in to its aid.
Which, &c.

15.

Nor ought *French* and *Turk* to be mention'd alone,
The *Swedes* too as Friends to our Rights muſt be known,
Tho they have lately ſurrender'd their own.
Which, &c.

16.

What will Ages to come of the preſent ſuppoſe,
When they curſe us for ſelling our Friends to our Foes,
And for ſmelling no ſtink till 'tis thruſt up our Noſe?
Which, &c.

17. Are

17.

theſe the ſweet Fruits of the Peace which we crave?
thus that the Crown, Church, and Laws we ſhould ſave?
, Woman, and Child to be *Papiſt* and *Slave*?
Which, &c.

18.

his of all Treaſons is not the moſt high,
nnot diſtinguiſh a Truth from a Lye,
am blinder than he who has never an Eye.
Which, &c.

19.

need any further this Ballad to ſwell,
more can be in't than the Devil of Hell;
h pleaſure the reſt let our Enemies tell.
hich, &c.

To the Tune of, There's rare doings at *Bath*.

1.

UMP *Cocky* and *Abigail*, *Rome* to advance,
There's rare doings in Town:
to the Pretender and Monarch of *France*,
here's, &c.
drink nought but Ch——y and Prot——t *Nantz*.
here's, &c.

2.

Britain, Old *Britain*, I fear thou art loſt,
here's, &c.
Millions of Mony and Lives thou haſt coſt:
re's, &c.

He or She's the beſt Subject that tipples the moſt.
There's, &c.

3.

Bright *Cowper* and *Somers*, both ſober and wiſe,
There's, &c.
Lewd *Harry* and *H——ley* are known to deſpiſe
There's, &c.
Their Vice gives 'em Merit in Somebody's eyes.
There's, &c.

4.

State-Tories and Prieſts conſpire our Fall,
There's, &c.
The Cry of *the Church* ſerves like the Jackall,
There's, &c.
To the Lion, when *Perkin* is pleaſed to call.
There's, &c.

5.

Laws, Liberties, Goſpel, he ſoon will devour,
There's, &c.
And cage our good Biſhops once more in the *Tower:*
There's, &c.
Poor *Britain*, thou'rt gone from this very hour.
There's, &c.

6.

Adieu and farewel moſt Illuſtrious *Han——r;*
There's, &c.
Th' Ambaſſador *Lewis* did lately ſend over,
There's, &c.
Told us, *Perkin* wou'd come with an Army of Tro
There's, &c.

7.

h *Britons*, dear *Britons*, I wiſh you no Ill,
There's, &c.
f Tory Devices you'll ſoon have your fill;
There's, &c.
nd they'll give you away by Dint of a Will.
There's, &c.

8.

's all come to nothing that Great *Naſſau* did;
There's, &c.
hoſe People are fit for a Slabbering-Bibb,
There's, &c.
hat by Tories and Prieſts will be thus baſely rid.
There's rare Doings in Town.

To the Tune of Chivy-Chace.

1.

GOD bleſs our Gracious Sovereign *Anne*;
I mean for to rehearſe
he noble Actions if I can,
Of her Great Men, in Verſe.

2.

Ballad to their Merit may
Moſt juſtly then belong;
or why, they've given all away,
To *Lewis* for a Song.

3. Now

3.

Now in the Tale that I'm about,
'Tis proper to begin
With telling you, if I'm not out,
How firſt theſe Folks got in.

4.

They cry'd the Dangers of the Church,
Which did ſo near ſurround her;
If Tories left her in the lurch,
The Whigs wou'd quite confound her.

5.

Beſide that we were grown ſo poor,
The War had coſt ſo much;
And all that we were fighting for,
Was to enrich the *Dutch*.

6.

They ſaid the Duke of *Marlborough*
The War wou'd never end;
For while he always beat our Foe,
How cou'd they e'er be Friends?

7.

'Tis not the means, theſe Folks did ſay,
To make all Diſcord ceaſe;
But not to ſtrike a Blow's the way
To make a laſting Peace.

8.

When thus by raiſing Diſcontent,
Their Tricks they did prevail;
For Peace unto the *Hague* they ſent
My good Lord P—— S——.

9.

) him was join'd a Noble Lord,
That has no Parallel,
) draw the Pen and eke the Sword,
Command as well as ſpell.

10.

)rd *Harry* then the Ocean croſs'd,
Poor *Torcy* to confound;
/hich Journey has the *French* King coſt
Full many a thouſand Pound.

11.

)f Treaties many, ſome for Pelf,
Theſe Men were Undertakers:
here's one may execute it ſelf,
The others will their Makers.

12.

ewis no more ſhall draw his Sword,
For ſolemnly he ſwore
/ith *Anne* he'd keep his Royal Word,
Which he ne'er kept before.

13.

he Barrier which he yields the *Dutch*,
Shall well defended be;
nd that they mayn't be troubled much,
Himſelf will keep the Key.

14.

hey've ſettled well the Terms of Trade,
As 'twas in Sixty Four;
nd thankful we may be t' have made
So much, when they had *Moore*.

15. And

15.

And now they try'd by ſubtle Art,
Being got into poſſeſſion,
To change the thing next the Queen's Heart,
The Proteſtant Succeſſion.

16.

Myſterious *Ox——d* therefore wou'd,
From his profound Library,
Prove no Right to the Crown is good,
But Right Hereditary.

17.

To aſſert this Right, they did compound
A noble *Folio*;
Some Noble Lords they likewiſe bound
In *Duodecimo*.

18.

And now this Doctrine to ſupport,
Who cou'd they think on fitter,
For to defend in open Court,
Than our Black Sir *Peter*?

19.

What tho we took him for a Friend,
We need not make a pother;
For who ſo proper to defend
One *King*, as is another?

20.

But now, as things to fall are known
Between the Cup and Lip,
Juſt ſo this Scheme was quite knock'd down
By one unlucky Slip.

21.

For you muſt know, our Miniſters,
Who wou'd be thought ſo crafty,
Are now together by the ears;
And thence proceeds our Safety.

22.

The *Examiner* can tell does cauſe
Why they can never hit;
Or elſe, who e'er had dreamt it was
'Cauſe ſome had too much Wit?

23.

No matter tho how it came about,
Or on what fatal Night;
But this I'm ſure, when Knaves fall out,
Good Men come by their Right.

24.

The Duke of *Kent*, God bleſs his Grace!
Is going to *Hannover*;
And ſince things wear ſo good a face,
Our Fears muſt needs be over.

25.

Now Stocks may riſe, and all do well,
No Mortal can deny-a
But that the Crown's ſecur'd in Tail
On Proteſtant *Sophia*.

26.

Let honeſt Men together ſtand,
To hang this M——y;
And then we want, to ſave the Land,
No other Guaranty.

To an Opera Tune.

1.

ALL the World's in Strife and Hurry,
And the Lord knows when 'twill ceaſe;
Some for Intereſt, ſome for Glory,
Whilſt the Talk runs all for Peace.
Since the High-Church and the Low
Make all our Diſcords grow;
And the Great, who ſit at the Helm in doubt,
Know not how ſoon they may turn out:
How happy is he, who from Town
And the Factions of the Fools is free?
Who for Love, and not By-ends,
Serves his Country, and his Friends.
He ſhall ever, in the Book of Fame,
Fix with Honour a Glorious Name.

2.

He that was our Grand Purſe-bearer,
At his Levee no Crouds we ſee;
He that was our great Cauſe-Hearer,
Now no longer makes Decree.
And to ſhow the growing Evil,
And that Fortune is the Devil,
The Hero leading our Armies abroad,
Whom we late did celebrate like a God,
Has not one to drink his Health,
Unleſs a Friend put it about by Stealth.
A Whig is in diſgrace,
And a Tory in his Place.

Fiddles all, and ſomething is amiſs;
What a Whimſical World is this?

An Excellent New Ballad, call'd, Illuſtrious GEORGE *ſhall come. To the Tune of,* The King ſhall enjoy his own again.

1.

THO *Britain* on to Ruin runs,
And all that's Faithful to her ſhuns;
Yet Providence, that's ever kind,
Has ſtill a Bleſſing left behind:
Then Friends hearken well
To what I ſhall tell,
I'll do it altho Superiors frown;
Before many Years do end,
The Times will amend,
And George *at laſt ſhall wear the Crown.*

2.

Let *Jacks* and *Tories* rave and rant
About the Church, and ſuch-like Cant;
Their Kings and Queens may idolize,
And teach them how to tyrannize:
But we our Property
Will maintain, and Liberty,
And all ſhall ſtill enjoy their own;
So may you plainly ſee
How happy we ſhall be,
When George *at laſt ſhall wear the* Crown.

3.

Altho Addreſſes up were brought,
And all were well receiv'd at Court;
In which, Hereditary Right
They aſſert with all their Force and Might:
Yet never deſpair,
The time's drawing near,
They all ſuch Affections will diſown;
Tho the Court runs ſo high,
Yet their Ruin is nigh,
For George *at laſt ſhall wear the Crown.*

4.

'Tis true, our General's diſgrac'd,
And all our Miniſtry diſplac'd,
Our Friends forſook, and Credit loſt,
And *Spain*, tho Millions it hath coſt:
But our Great Houſe of Lords
Some hopes ſtill affords,
They'll *Tory* Meaſures tumble down;
And * Prophecies of old
Have always foretold,
That George *at laſt ſhall wear the Crown.*

* Nixon.

5.

Now *R*——*n* rules without controul,
And makes the Commons but his Tool;
Yet his Attempts ſhall be in vain,
For *James* the Third ſhall never reign:
The Nation he betrays,
For which *France* pays,
But we his Treachery diſown;
And ſhall live to ſee the Day,
His Head ſhall for it pay,
When George *comes o'er to wear the* Crown.

6. T

6.

Tho Fighting's grown quite out of date,
And Peace is got at any rate,
And *France* is become our High Ally,
Which once was fam'd for Treachery;
O whither can it tend,
To truſt to ſuch a Friend!
'Tis proof they all are frantick grown.
They certainly miſtake,
Wrong Treaties now they make,
For George *at laſt ſhall wear the Crown.*

7.

Then let us all united be,
And ever Friends to Liberty;
A chearful Glaſs will glad the Soul,
To *George's* Health fill up the Bowl;
And may he ever be
Bleſs'd with Proſperity,
May Fortune on him never frown;
And let us ever pray
For that Glorious Day,
When George *the Great ſhall wear the Crown.*

The Country Squire's Ditty. A Ballad. To the Tune of, To you, fair Ladies, *&c.*

1.

TO you, dear Topers, at the Court,
We Country Tories write:
We will no longer make you ſport,
Nor with ſuch Fools unite.
We are no Sheep for you to fleece,
Nor will be gull'd by ſuch a Peace.
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la.

2.

The Duke of *Cambridge*, whom God bleſs,
Comes in the nick of time;
And O——d ev'ry Day grows leſs
In Grandeur, not in Crime;
While others Ruin he debates,
His Head ſhall crown the City-Gates.
With a fa, la, &c.

3.

Or ſince his fav'rite *South-Sea* Trade,
He wou'd pretend to love;
We'll thither ſend the wiſe Lord's Head,
Their Projects to improve:
And when he's once remov'd ſo far,
Who doubts the Stock will be at Par?
With a fa, la, &c.

4. Friend

4.

Friend *Harry* next we would advance
To ſome unlucky Hap;
I think we'll ſend him back to *France*,
To get another Clap.
And however bitter be the Pill,
He'll take it if 'tis gilded well.
With a ſa, la, &c.

5.

For *Ph——ps*, who has not Law nor Senſe,
But ſhew'd in *Dublin* Town,
That there was *Engliſh* Impudence
Far greater than their own:
To the Wild *Iriſh* let him fly,
And be one of their Miniſtry.
With a ſa, la, &c.

6.

But let all Proteſtants combine
Againſt a Baſtard Race;
Bring in the *Hannoverian* Line,
And ſlaviſh *Jacks* diſgrace:
And ſend the preſent M——y
To ſing out, *Hey Boys up go we!*
With a ſa, la, &c.

A New Song. To the Tune Marlborough puſh 'em again.

1.

WHO mounts the loftieſt Dignities
By execrable Calumnies,
Prompts infernal Perjuries
Throughout our State of *Millan*;
Does promiſe what he ne'er intends,
Reſcues our Foes, betrays our Friends:
Is, whatever he pretends,
A Fool, a Knave, a Villain.

2.

Who prompts his Prince to give out Lyes,
With Shams and Ambiguities,
By Bribery blinds the Peoples Eyes
Of our beſotted *Millan*;
Our Debts who ſinks into the Sea,
Plunders a wealthy Treaſury;
Whate'er you ſay, he is to me
A Fool, a Knave, a Villain.

3.

Who blaſts our numerous Victories,
And yields to Fugitives the Prize,
Together with the Liberties
And precious Trade of *Millan*;
Our Sacred Altars does expoſe,
To be o'erturn'd by faithleſs Foes:
Will prove, I'm certain, in the cloſe,
A Fool, a Knave, a Villain.

4.

Who breaks a Nation's Conqu'ring Sword,
And takes a perjur'd Tyrant's Word,
Union diſſolves, and does diſcord
All Friendſhip throughout *Millan*:
Let little Souls, whom he prefers,
Exalt his Fame above the Stars,
To Men of Senſe he ſtill appears
A Fool, a Knave, a Villain.

5.

If perjur'd, leud, ambitious Prieſts
Turn ſacred Myſt'ries into Jeſts,
And into paſſive ſilly Beaſts
The Free-born Men of *Millan*;
Rebellion preach againſt the Prince,
To Tyranny Obedience:
He is, who grants them Preference,
A Fool, a Knave, a Villain.

6.

Who Traitors ſend, and Rebels back,
To trample on their Prince's Neck,
And yet pretends to pay Reſpect
Unto the Prince of *Millan*;
Who Rebels, without ſenſe of Shame,
Crowns with a regal Diadem,
Does to the World himſelf proclaim
A Fool, a Knave, a Villain.

7.

Let our Mob-Senate now addreſs,
And as they pleaſe themſelves expreſs,
And call the Danger of Diſtreſs
The Happineſs of *Millan*;

Ter

Term little ſordid Actions, great:
Yet all who Treaty-Breakers hate,
Will properly denominate
A Fool, a Knave, a Villain.

8.

Tho ſome degenerate Lords ſhould call
A Separate Treaty General,
The truly Great will ſtand or fall
With our once *Glorious Millan*;
And let th' aſtoniſh'd World to know,
They all diſdain to ſtoop ſo low,
And ſcorn the Puppets of the Show;
Thou Fool, thou Knave, thou Villain!

1.

GREAT *Marlborough*'s quite forgot, Sir,
His Health now no more goes round;
For the Toaſt that is drunk,
By the Lady or the Punk,
Is the Doctor in the Sable Gown:
Sachev——*l*, &c.

2.

Tom Scarlet's now turn'd out, Sir;
Jack Tarr's quite out of favour:
For *Celia* ſwears
By the Petticoat ſhe wears,
That *Sachev*——*l* alone ſhall ſave her;
That *Sachev*——*l*, &c.

3.

3.

Picture's in every Houſe, Sir,
The like was never ſeen;
For the Ladies in their Hall,
To make room for the Ball,
Pull down that of our Gracious Queen,
For *Sachev*——*l*, &c.

4.

Picture's now pull'd down, Sir,
That hung in every Room;
For *Mopſa* ſwears
By the Petticoat ſhe wears,
She would rather live with the Groom,
Than *Sachev*——*l*, &c.

ſt Part. To the Tune of, Over the Hills and far away.

1.

Granadiers, now change your Song,
And talk no more of Battels won;
Victory ſhall grace us now,
: we have loſt our *Marlborough.*

2.

who have fought on *Blenheim's* Field,
forc'd the ſtrongeſt Towns to yield;
all your Arms, and turn to plough,
: we have loſt our *Marlborough.*

3. Where-

3.

Where-e'er we went, the Monſieurs fled,
Spying that General at our Head;
But 'tis their turn to bang us now,
Since we have loſt our *Marlborough*.

4.

Let other Backs that Drubbing take,
Whoſe Hearts are of the new-Set Make;
For ours can never to Bondage bow,
Who conquer'd under *Marlborough*.

5.

Phil, *Tom*, and I, let's dangle home,
We've nought to loſe, let who will come;
And ſince Whig-Credit runs ſo low,
We'll tope off a Pot to *Marlborough*.

6.

Here's to his Health, fill a Bumper round,
His Enemies pray God confound;
And ever reckon him *England*'s Foe,
Who voted out our *Marlborough*.

Second Part.

1.

GRanadiers, now change your Song,
Sing no more of Battels won:
But break your Swords, and go to plough,
Since you have loſt your *Marlborough*.
Sing over the Hills and far away.

2.

2.

Let *Denain* ſing of O——d's Fame,
Let Villains ſing their Ox——d's Name;
But we, our Honour ſtill to ſhow,
Will ſing the Praiſe of *Marlborough*.
Sing over the Hills, &c.

3.

When you think of *Blenheim's* Field,
Where you made the *Frenchmen* yield;
Then your Gratitude to ſhow,
Drink a Health to *Marlborough*.
Sing over the Hills, &c.

A New Ballad.

1.

NOW, now comes on the Tories Year,
Frenchmen have Hopes and *Britons* Fear;
Perkin intends to govern here,
And be our Faith's Defender.
For *France* is become our good Ally,
Th' Emperor too and the *Dutch* muſt fly,
Unleſs they will bow to our M——y,
And *Flanders* and *Spain* ſurrender.

2.

A Health to our Gen'ral then begin,
Who left in the lurch the Brave *Eugene*;
With him let Ox——d too come in,
Who wrought about this Wonder.

Let *B——ks's* Duke next to him take place,
And *B——ke* with his handſom Face,
Whoſe Courage and Wit are of a piece,
To make the Whigs knock under.

3.

Let *Prior* and *Swift* now receive their Due,
And *Gautier* their Proteſtant Blue,
And all the reſt of the High-Church Crew,
That are againſt *Hannover*.
With Hands and with Hearts, let us all now join
Againſt the Whigs and their Cauſe combin'd,
Until we have ſettled Right Divine
Upon our own *Come-over*.

King Edward's *Ghoſt: or, The King the Cobler.*

1.

I'LL tell you a Story, a Story moſt merry,
Tho not of the Abbot of *Canterbury*;
But 'tis of King *Edward* of high Renown,
How his Ghoſt has appear'd at fair *Windſor* Town.
Derry Down, &c.

2.

But what I have ſaid, is ſaid without heed,
As often we make more haſte than good ſpeed:
For though I ſaid merry, the Ghoſt of a King
(Pray God bleſs the Queen!) is a very ſad thing.
Derry Down, &c.

3.

Upon a fair Day, in Summer I trow,
At *Windſor* there was a very fine Show;
Six Nobles, all clad in gallant Attire,
March'd out of the Caſtle up into the Choir.
Derry Down, &c.

4.

But firſt it is meet that I ſhould unfold,
As brief as I can, what old Stories have told
Of *Edward*, this Monarch of very great Fame;
The Man whom I mean, was the Third of the Name.
Derry Down, &c.

5.

This *Edward*, in Armies, was famous for Proweſs,
Far greater and bolder than any one now is:
Two Kings at one time, his Priſoners he got,
The Tyrant of *France*, and eke the falſe *Scot*.
Derry Down, &c.

6.

Moreover, his Army did lead ſuch a Dance,
With the Help of his Hand, that he conquer'd half *France*;
And if any doubts theſe things have not been,
His Sword, in the *Abbey*, is ſtill to be ſeen.
Derry Down, &c.

7.

O *Lewis!* O *Lewis!* 'tis happy for thee,
This *Edward* don't live, thy Pride for to ſee:
Had thy Grandſon laid hands on *India* or *Spain*,
He, or the *Black Prince*, wou'd ha' ta'en 'em again.
Derry Down, &c.

8.

For all men of Valour, his Love it was ſuch,
That nothing he thought for a Warrior too much;
And therefore an Order for thoſe did erect,
Who their King or their Country could bravely protect.
Derry Down, &c.

9.

Such Heroes as theſe King *Edward* did deck
With a Collar of S'S, which hung round their Neck;
And alſo they wore, to ſhew their Exploits,
On their Breaſt, a great Star, on their Legs, *Honi ſoits.*
Derry Down, &c.

10.

So, as I was ſaying, ſix Nobles indeed,
March'd round *Windſor*-Caſtle in this very Weed;
When all on a ſudden, this Sight for to ſpy,
The Ghoſt of King *Edward* it came ſtalking by.
Derry Down, &c.

11.

Theſe Men, I preſume, quoth the King in a Trance,
Have help'd to pull down the Tyrant of *France.*
Tuſh! Tuſh! quoth the Cobler, who had taken a Cup,
No, theſe are the Folks who have juſt ſet him up.
Derry Down, &c.

12.

Thou ly'ſt, quoth the King, there's two innocent,
Then caſt he his Eyes on *B——t* and *K——t:*
As for t'other Four, their Names you may ſpare,
They're Rogues, but they look like worſe Rogues than they are.
Derry Down, &c.

13.

the things my Order muſt wear,
, I wiſh I had been what you are.
quoth the Cobler, would make a Man laugh:
ing, they're all Scoundrels; and ſo he ſtalk'd off.
own, &c.

---

ellent New Ballad, giving a full ue Relation how a Noble Lord was of his Birth-Day Clothes; and ie ſame afterwards appear'd, and rn'd on the Pretender's *own Back* aring-Croſs, *February* 6. 1713. *Tune of*, To you, fair Ladies, it Land, *&c.*

1.

vers all of *Spittle-Fields*,
you of *Canterbury*,
my pleaſant Ditty yields
to be merry:
evive, your Silks advance,
Perkin, and of *France*.
a, la, la, la, &c.
all revive, &c.

2.

oo of *Ludgate-Hill*,
nt-Garden Square,
mends, your Shops to fill
leaſt an Ear:

I ſing what Judgments do purſue
Thoſe who prefer the *French* to you.

3.

A Story ſtrange I ſhall relate,
Known well in Town and Court;
A dapper Lord was bilk'd of late,
And made the Rabble's Sport:
Who, ſlily plotting *England*'s Hurt,
Was juſtly ſtript to his very Shirt.

4.

A Lord of Trade, of Stature low,
Brother to *A——r M——r*,
Laid a Deſign to overthrow
Your Looms, and ſtarve the Poor:
Running rich Silks from Foreign Parts,
To break your Fabriques, and your Hearts.

5.

His Deareſt, who abroad was gone,
And knew right well his Meaſure,
Fitted his Clothes in *Paris* Town,
To do the Queen a pleaſure:
Deck'd him in Velvets and Brocades,
To make him ſhine among the Maids.

6.

But mark me, how this Trick did fail,
Tho deep the Plot was laid;
May never wicked Cheats prevail,
To ſteal the Workman's Bread!
A Searcher caught them in the Fact,
Before they could repeal the Act.

7.

The fine blue Coat, and gorgeous Veſt,
Were ſeiz'd in *Dover* Port,
And happily put in Arreſt,
Juſt going to the Court:
At which, my Lord did ſtorm and rant,
And *Gautier* join'd in the Complaint.

8.

He urg'd, the Treaty ſhould ſtand good
With thoſe who knew and made it;
And tho by ſome not underſtood,
No Stateſman ſhould evade it:
If ſuch ſhould ſet it at defiance,
There was an end of the Alliance.

9.

Theſe dreadful Threats did well avail;
For Orders ſtraight flew down,
They ſhould admit the Suit to Bail,
And bring it up to Town,
To give Appearance at the *Vine*,
Where Friends to *France* do often dine.

10.

The Searcher and the Taylor there
Did lovingly compound;
And while with Mirth, and jolly Cheer,
The choiceſt Healths went round,
Tom Smith, the Taylor, waxing drunk,
Forgot, as you ſhall hear, the Trunk.

11.

My Lord impatiently did wait
Long in *St. Albans* Street,
And ſtood on tiptoes at the Gate,
The foreign Robes to meet:

When

When leaping out in haſte, to piſs,
Tom did the precious Cargo miſs.

12.

Whether ſome Whig, or ſtarving Weaver,
Did play Monſieur theſe Pranks;
You ought to bleſs their kind Endeavour,
And give them hearty Thanks:
Laud too the Youths, and *Jenny Man*,
Who ſtrive to help you all they can.

13.

To *Newgate* ſtraight, to learn his Fate,
His Honour drove apace;
And to the Maſters of the Gate
Did ſadly tell his Caſe:
Like Brothers they receiv'd my Lord,
But ſaid, 'Twas not before their Board.

14.

Then in *Crow-Alley*, to adviſe,
Down three Steps walk'd the Peer;
Conſulting, ſlily in diſguiſe,
That grave and antient Seer:
The Sage abruptly ſpoke in Tropes,
And mutter'd——*Charing-Croſs*——and *Popes*.

15.

Now mind the End, moſt ſtrange of all:
This Coat, which Magick Art
Could never conjure to the Ball,
Came freely to a Cart;
For in the Pope's fam'd Cavalcade,
Young *Perkin* ſhone in this Brocade.

16.

The Taylor ſaw it paſs along,
And, in his Lordſhip's Name,
Demanded it amidſt the Throng,
They ſhouted at his Claim;
And did into the Bonfire fling
His Lordſhip's Coat, his Lordſhip's King.

To the Tune of, Old Sir *Simon* the King.

1.

LET's ſing in the praiſe of *French* Wine,
Which works ſuch Wonders of late;
Together with Brocades ſo fine,
As to put a new Face o' the State.

2.

King *Lewis* is a good-humour'd Man,
O Lord who can it deny?
Since he ſends ſuch good Wine to Q. *A*——,
Leſt her M——y ſhould be a-dry,

3.

Leſt her M——y ſhou'd be a-dry,
And her Servants too, I ſuppoſe;
There's a good reaſon for it, for why
Pray look on the Tr——r's Noſe.

4.

On the Tr——r's Noſe, good lack!
Pray look on the Club of *October*,
Where of Noſes among the whole Pack,
You'll ſee few who look quite ſo ſober.

5. For

5.

For ſuch Virtue this Liquor has got,
That when once it is ſet upon Table,
'Twill make a Man look like a Sot,
But act like a Stateſman moſt able.

6.

Moſt Tipple will make Folks jar,
But this works clean the contrary;
It will ſoon put an end to a War,
And for Peace, loving Peace will prepare ye.

7.

This is ſuch Pacifical Liquor,
'Twill turn a Red Flag into White;
'Twill make a plain Man of a Tricker,
Make Col'nels and Captains go ſh——e.

8.

Make Col'nels and Captains go ſh——e,
And Generals too decline;
For why ſhou'd we ever go fight
With a Friend that ſends us good Wine?

9.

Then fill up a Bumper, my Friends,
Ingratitude is a Sin;
Here's a Peace to Old *Lewis le Grand*,
And a Health to Monſieur *le Vin*.

1.

AT the Bottom of the Chamber-Pot
The Doctor's Picture's plac'd,
Where in Corners they affront him,
And piſs upon his Face;
When a piſſing they do go, &c.

2.

The Whiggiſh Ladies they
Have ſhown their cunning Art,
By placing him to ſee
Their Non-Reſiſting Part,
When, &c.

3.

If this be Whiggiſh Modeſty,
I'll leave it to the Town;
To rail againſt the Doctor,
And piſs upon the Gown.
When, &c.

4.

They are rampant in Reſiſtance,
And paſſive in Obedience;
Altho their Hearts do hate him,
Their Parts pay him Allegiance:
When, &c.

5.

They rail againſt the Doctor
With Fury and Diſdain;
They drink to piſs, and piſs to drink,
And drink to piſs again.
When, &c.

HERE'

HERE's a Health to the Queen,
Queen *Anne*, I do mean;
The Brave Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene*;
Lay your Lips to the Glaſs, and your Knees to the Ground:
And ſo merrily, ſo merrily the Health goes round;
Round, round, and ſo merrily, ſo merrily, *&c.*

Nothing but Truth. A Ballad. To the Tune of, A Beggar of all Trades is the beſt.

1.

THERE was once a Glorious Q——,
That fill'd G—— B——n's Throne;
She fought for all her good Allies,
And to preſerve her own:
When a Fighting we did go, did go, did go;
When a Fighting we did go.

2.

She had a certain General
That almoſt conquee'd *France*,
Both lov'd at home and fear'd abroad,
Where-e'er he did advance:
There a Conquering we do go, &c.

3.

At *Blenheim*, on the *Danube*,
He did the Empire ſave;
And at Ramillies, each Briton
From being made a Slave:
When to Paris *we did go*, &c.

4. To

4.

This Q——, when ſhe had ſaved thus
All *Europe* from its Fate,
She thought that ſhe muſt ſave *France* too,
And thought 'twas not too late:
For to U-trick *we did go*, &c.

5.

We ſtill had beat the *F——h* ſo,
The Q—— moſt wiſely thought,
They were not worth the conquering,
If they were not worth a Groat:
So to U-trick *we did go*, &c.

6.

To raiſe then a new Conqeſt
Fit for her Arms and Fame,
Whate'er ſhe'ad won of *France*,
She gave them up the ſame:
When to U-trick *we did go*, &c.

7.

Let no one e'er reproach her,
That Honour or that Gain
Invited her to Battel,
For there ſhe gave up *Spain*:
When to U-trick *we did go*, &c.

8.

She gave up all in *Europe*
For Caſtles in the Air;
G—— B—— for the *S—— S——*,
And we may all go there;
If a Trading we will go, &c.

9.

She gave up all her Honour,
  Her Treaties, and her Word,
In quitting of her Allies,
  And *Charles*, for *J*—— the Third:
    And to Lorain *we may go*, &c.

10.

What ſtrange Contradiction
  We of late have ſeen,
A Conquering, and a Glorious,
  And yet a Loſing Q——!
    When to U-trick *ſhe did go*, &c.

11.

K—— *J*——*my* fights for *E*——*d*,
  Q—— *A*—— did fight for *F*——*ce*;
And he that at *St. James's*
  His Intereſt would advance,
    To Paris *ſtraight muſt go*, &c.

12.

Now who can ſing her Praiſes
  For all her Pity ſhown?
If *Ch*——*s* ſhould loſe the Empire,
  And *J*—— ſhould have his own,
    Then a Whiſtling we may go, &c.

13.

If *F*——*ce* ſhould take away our Trade,
  And *J*—— ſhould take our Crown,
And Popery come in, to pull
  Our Church of *England* down;
    Then to Paris *we may go*, &c.

14.

But theſe are all but Follies,
Deviz'd by *Whiggiſh* Men;
For when our Trade, and all is gone,
We a'nt worth taking then:
For a Begging we ſhall go, &c.

15.

Then God bleſs our Wiſe Miniſters,
Who give up all our Trade,
That of *F*—— and the Pretender
We may not be afraid;
Since a Starving we may go, &c.

16.

To keep out *Rome* and Popery
Is eaſy, if we will;
But acting for its Intereſt,
We may be Churchmen ſtill:
And with Tories *we may go*, &c.

17.

Then God bleſs our Wiſe Miniſters,
Who have found out the Art
Of cheating them with Fancies,
But hate them in their Heart:
Then with Tories *we may go*, &c.

18.

Go on then with your Fineſſes,
You Men of *B*——*ſh* Iſle;
To ſave your ſinking Church and State,
Make neither worth your while:
'Tis no matter where we go, we go, we go;
'Tis no matter where we go, &c.

On

On Guiſcard's *Stabbing* Robin.

1.

ATtend good People, give an ear,
Liſten a while and you ſhall hear
What ſtrange Account *Guiſcard*'s Affair
Will make in future Story:
How he was taken up and try'd,
And how he all the Facts deny'd;
How he was wounded, how he dy'd;
To *Britain*'s endleſs Glory.

2.

If Fame be not miſtaken, he
Taking a turn, one, two or three,
By order of the Miniſtry,
Was ſeized in the Park, Sir;
And thence convey'd to a Room of State,
Where Privy Counſellors debate
The Grand Affairs of Church and State,
As ſome make their Remark, Sir.

3.

Young *Cato* firſt a Letter ſhows
Of Correſpondence with our Foes,
Which by Experience he well knows
Will no ſmall Profit bring, Sir:
In this the Proverb true we ſee,
Two of a Trade can ne'er agree,
For *Guiſcard* was no more than he
A Spy to the *French* King, Sir.

4.

The Abbot ſaw himſelf betray'd
By thoſe who all the Scheme had laid,
Whoſe Tool he all along was made,
To ſerve young *Perkin*'s Ends, Sir:
And therefore boldly out he drew
A Knife, whoſe Metal prov'd untrue,
And at good *Robin*'s Breaſt he flew,
Reſolv'd to fall with Friends, Sir.

5.

As ſoon as the noble *Ha*——*y* found
The Knife in his Breaſt had made a Wound,
The Council did to Battel ſound
Like Claps of Summer's Thunder:
Chairs and Standiſh, Ink and Pen,
To fly about the Room were ſeen,
But valiant *St. J*——*n* he ſtept in,
And made the Count knock under.

6.

In the Article of Danger he
Was ſo compos'd, that all agree,
For Preſence of Mind and Bravery,
He could be out-done by no Man:
And by the Greatneſs of his Soul,
Which did the Paſſion of Fear controul,
And kept his Spirit ſound and whole,
He ſure muſt be a *Roman*.

7.

A Noble and a Valiant Peer,
Prompted by Reaſon more than Fear,
Thought fit ſome time to diſappear
Under the Council-Board, Sir;

And Reaſon for his Elopement gave,
That ſure no Perſon that was Brave,
A Hand in ſuch a Fray could have,
Or draw his ruſty Sword, Sir.

8.

Another Duke, to ſee fair play,
Which he had never done, ſome ſay,
Thought it the moſt convenient way
To mount upon the Table:
And when their Safeties he had ſeen,
Put up your Swords, cry'd, Gentlemen;
For what can one Man do to ten?
To hurt you he's not able.

9.

And now, my Friends, I ſhould do wrong,
Could I forget in this my Song
To tell t' which ſide he did belong,
Before I end my Story.
Some ſay he was a Whig, but I,
By's being bred in Popery,
And being call'd Monſieur *L'Abbé*,
Declare him a rank Tory.

An Excellent New Song, call'd, The full Tryal and Condemnation of John *Duke of* Marlborough.

1.

I Now have an Ambition,
In this great time of News,
To tell you the Depoſition
Of the *Chriſtians*, not the *Jews*,
Againſt John *Duke of* Marlborough.

2.

Give ear then, Sons of *Britain*,
Of greater Crimes I ſing,
Than ever before were writ on,
Since the time of a Queen or a King;
All done by John *Duke*, &c.

3.

This Man by Conſtitution
Was made for Liberty;
He help'd the late Revolution,
On purpoſe to hurt Popery:
Did this John *Duke*, &c.

4.

The next great Crime of many,
His troubleſom Pride to ſhew,
Was marching to *High Germany*;
And who gave 'em that dammable Blow,
But this John *Duke*, &c.

5.

And more to mend the matter,
To his ſhame and reproach,

An Army he made take Water,
And their General ſent by Coach:
All prov'd on John *Duke*, &c.

6.

To ſhew his Whig-Devotion
In keeping the Sabbath-Day,
He the Murder at hateful *Ramelly* began
Upon a *Whitſunday*:
O Heathen John *Duke*, &c.

7.

Tho buſy in his Slaughtering,
His Avarice ran ſo high,
That rather than ſpare the moſt Chriſtian King,
He Ten Thouſand Pounds gave to a Spy:
O Covetous John *Duke*, &c.

8.

At *Audenarde* ſo ill to treat Foes,
And make poor Widows of Wives,
He took a delight to beat thoſe,
That never beat him in their lives.
O Cowardly John *Duke*, &c.

9.

Boufflers, a civil good Man,
Safe in his Trenches cloſe,
From *Mons* he made run like a Footman,
Tho bulwark'd as high as his Noſe.
Uncivil John *Duke*, &c.

10.

To every tender Chriſtian Ear,
When Crimes like theſe ſhall come;
I know not how they may abroad appear,
I'm ſure they ſound oddly at home:
Theſe Deeds of John *Duke*, &c.

11.

Some Facts to make the *French* undone,
I've prov'd upon him well;
And truly what 'tis he has not done,
Impoſſible 'tis to tell,
Of this John *Duke*, &c.

12.

To prove that all theſe things are ſo,
And not what Folks deviſe,
Was he ever the Man that once ſpared the Foe,
Or ever affronted the Allies?
This ſame John *Duke*, &c.

13.

Ghent, *Bruges*, and *Tournay* too,
And late the ſtrong *Bouchain*,
Of his own head he forc'd to obey too,
Tho wanting his Brother *Eugene*:
Hot-headed John *Duke*, &c.

14.

Of theſe immoral things he brags,
'Cauſe we take no notice at all;
You ſee with his pitiful *French* bloody Rags,
How he'as litter'd poor *Weſtminſter-Hall*.
O *ſlovenly* John *Duke*, &c.

15.

Nay, more he ſtill would fly at,
And all to mend the Peace:
Lord! how can we ever be quiet,
If we pardon ſuch Crimes as theſe,
In any but John *Duke*, &c.

16. Twelve

16.

Twelve Years, it flatly true is,
By taking Towns and Lines,
And baffling the poor King *Lewis*,
He has ſpoil'd the Pretender's Deſigns:
O *Meddleſome* John *Duke*, &c.

17.

Succeſs ſtill made him bolder,
And by the Monſieurs Fall,
He has paſs'd on this Iſle for a Soldier,
But it ſeems he knows nothing at all:
Earl P——t *ſays ſo of* Marlboro.

18.

This Year for War he voted,
But we reſolv'd on none;
For Monſieur was fure to be robbed,
And then High-Church had been undone,
By Engliſh John *Duke*, &c.

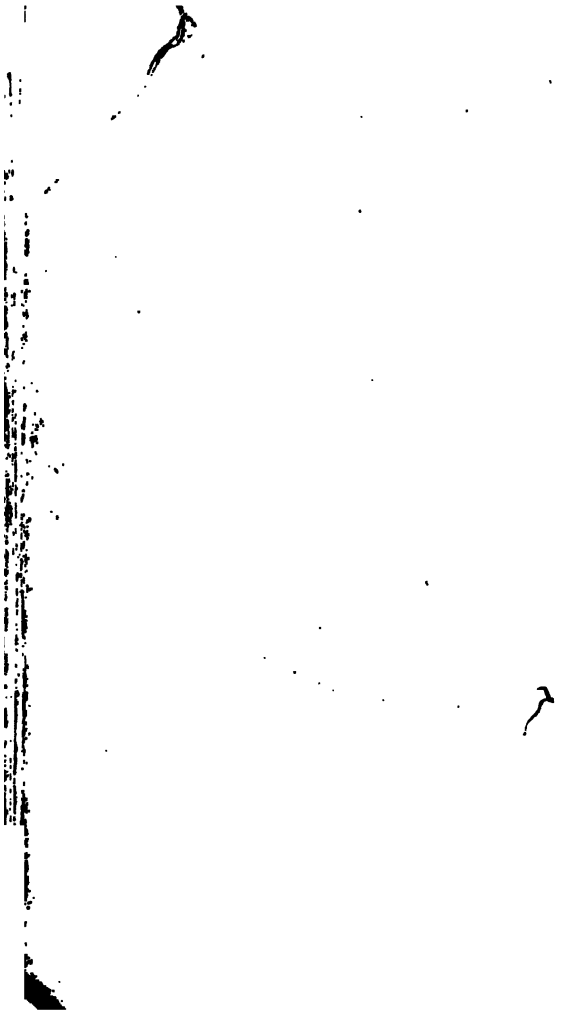
19.

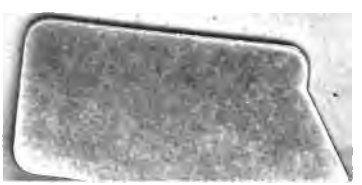
You ſee the Troops don't need him,
He's out, and in *Frankz* they laugh;
And ſend any other to head 'em,
And I'll warrant old *Bourbon* is ſafe:
Keep back but John *Duke*, &c.

20.

For he, as Fame confeſſes,
That Kingdom meant to devour;
For which, and his heinous Succeſſes,
He's broke, and our Fears are all o'er.
Thus fell John *Duke of* Marlboro.

FINIS.





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